The Bystander, August 5, 1914.—No. 557. Vol. XLIII.

Politics, Society, & the Drama.

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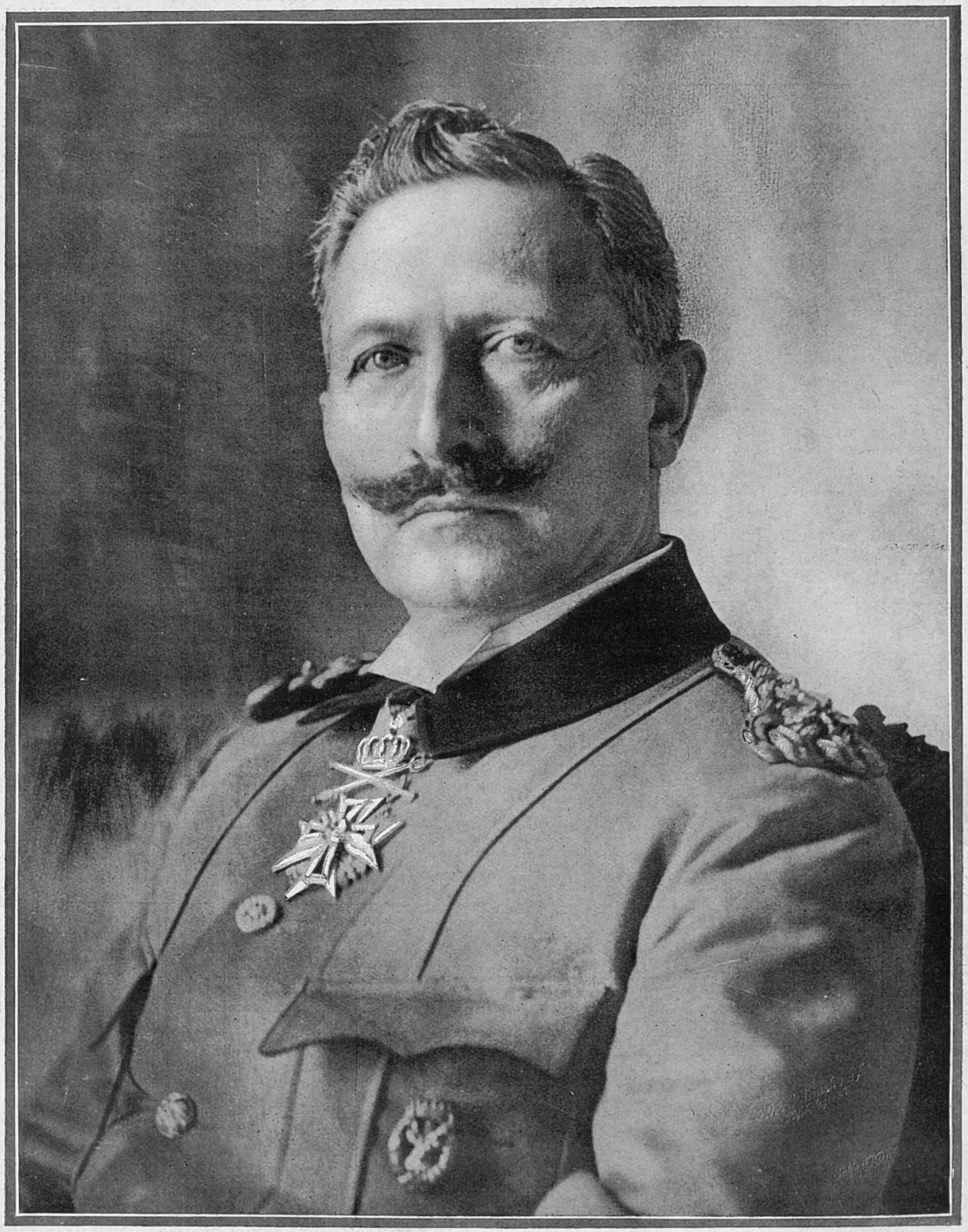
The BYSTANDER



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THE HOUSE OF MAMMON. By F. M. White. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
DUBLINERS. By James Joyce. (Grant Richards: 3s. 6d.)
DIANE OF THE GREEN VAN. By Leona Dalrymple. (Mills and Boon: 6s.)
LITTLE FAITHFUL. By Beulah Marie Dix. (Mills and Boon: 6s.)
THE PIG'S TALE AND OTHER RECITATIONS. By C. T. Druery. (Elliot Stock: 6s. net.)
GOLF STORIES. By G. Batchelor. (A. and C. Black: 3s. 6d. net.)
THE RESIDENCY. By Henry Bruce. (Long: 6s.)
LAW, THE WRECKER. By Charles Igglesden. (Long: 6s.)
THE WIDOW OF GLOANE. By D. H. Dennis. (Long: 6s.)
THE RED WEDDING. By E. Scott Gillies. (Long: 6s.)
THE PROGRESS OF SYDNEY LAWRENCE. By Miles Wanliss. (Fifield: 6s.)
THE BROOD OF LIGHT. By C. R. Crowther. (Fifield: 1s. net.)
TRIAL OF MARY BLANDY. Edited by W. Roughead. (Hodge: 5s. net)

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

On Various Topics of the Day

WAR: Austria's Blood-Guilt: *Vive la Russie!*

WHAT WAR MEANS TO NON-COMBATANTS

The Cause

As we write, the news comes in that the long-dreaded European war is imminent, a war of which Great Britain can only keep out by the sacrifice of her friends. The cause of the catastrophe is the criminal action of Austria in making a brutal, bloodthirsty, callously immoral attack on Servia, in the full knowledge that such attack was a direct provocation to Russia.

***

A Fitting End

The God of Battles may be left to deal in the proper way with the venerable and much respected committer of this arch-crime agains. civilisation. Francis Joseph began his reign in blood, and it is fitting enough that he should so end it.

***

Merciless Habsburgs

Only the absurd newspapers are deceived into admiration for the terms in which the "aged Emperor" announced his detestable decision. In our view the document, where it was not falsehood, was hypocrisy. Francis Joseph knows full well that it is not a "merciful Providence" that is responsible for this ghastly war but the merciless Habsburgs, who have always hated and loathed the Serbs, and who have only chosen the present moment to crush them because, on German advice, the times were propitious.

***

"Vive l'Entente!"

That Francis Joseph is "punishing" the Serbs for the murder of Francis Ferdinand no sensible man suspects. The removal of that personage—at not so very inopportune a moment to His Imperial and Apostolic Majesty—by an alleged "Serb" serves Austria admirably as the pretext. Servia, believed to be really responsible for the deed, has lost the sympathy of Europe, especially of modern England, which is ever ready to believe the worst of the weakest and to lick the spittle of the strong. So Francis Joseph goeth forth to war—and well may he enjoy it. For us we exclaim *Vive la Russie! Vive la France!* and *Vive l'Entente!*

***

Who Knows?

So far as we in England are concerned, the essence of the whole situation is that nobody here knows what war will be like if it does arise. Nobody knows in the least what war under modern conditions really means. Nobody knows quite whether there is any General alive who can control the millions of men who will be engaged on each side. Nobody knows whether a country in a state of mobilisation is not going to be synonymous with a country in a state of starvation. Think of it, no railways, no horses, no carts, no roads! All these will be completely occupied for military purposes during at least a fortnight. And there will hardly be any men. Nothing like it will ever have been seen in history.

***

Norman Angell

Even now, when there is merely a scare of war, we have a slight foretaste of what war means even to non-combatants. A total paralysis of Bourses; a stagnancy of trade; a distrust of our whole credit system. Every theory of Mr. Norman Angell's has been proved up to the hilt. We are, all of us in Europe, directly interested in and dependent on the prosperity of our neighbours. If there is war with Germany the City of London will be ruined. The only nation that can score is America, because the value of her foodstuffs will be enormously enhanced. And even she will suffer in other ways.

***

The Real Question

Of course, the question of the food-supply is the vital one, as always. If the price of food goes up everything is immediately affected. I am told the theatres "did well" in the Boer War. But this will be no Boer war. Even if we don't fight ourselves, we shall suffer more than we did then, because our food-supply will be affected as it was not at that time. The theatres will not "do well" again. Nobody will "do well" from duke to ploughboy. We shall all have to strain every nerve not to get into hopeless debt. We shall certainly have no money for anything but necessities. It will be just about as disagreeable as you can well imagine.

***

Essentials and Unessentials

The person who will be the best off will be the little tradesman, with a hundred pounds or two in cash, who sells the necessities of life. He will be better off than many a financier with twenty times his income. For we shall soon learn what so many of us have forgotten: the difference between necessities and luxuries, essentials and unessentials. This is more or less, what England will be like if the worst does not happen, if all Europe goes to war except we ourselves. If the worst does happen—well, perhaps, there will be no money left at all, except to buy THE BYSTANDER.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*continued*)

THEN—AND NOW

The Hon. J. and Mrs. Freeman-Mitford whose wedding was the event of the Berlin winter season, were separated after a life together of only ten weeks. The bride was Fr. Friedländer-Fuld, the daughter of a wealthy German coal-owner. Mr. Freeman-Mitford, who is a son of Lord Redesdale, made last week an unsuccessful application for a rule nisi for a criminal information against the editor of the "Sporting Times" in connection with an alleged suggestion concerning the cause of his separation from his wife made in that paper

Killing No Murder

The Press did quite well—for the Press—in its comments on the Caillaux verdict. It did refrain, at all events, from indulging in any unseemly attacks on poor French justice for its erasure from the French Decalogue of the commandment "Thou Shall Not Kill." But the Press need not have gone quite so far in its good-nature as to condone the cold-blooded murder of one of its own brethren. After all, M. Calmette was killed for doing what any journalist worthy the name would have done had he been in possession of such damning documents against a political opponent. Once again let the Press ask itself what it would have said had Mrs. Lloyd George acted likewise towards Mr. Leo Maxse during the Marconi revelations, and had her husband succeeded in securing acquittal by converting the witness-box at the Old Bailey into the platform at Limehouse Town Hall.

* *
*

Condolences

One cannot but condole with (1) Sir Ernest Shackleton and (2) Sir Thomas Lipton that the international crisis has drawn from the voyages respectively of the *Endurance* and *Shamrock IV.*, attention to which had naturally been expected at the "dead" season. Sincere sympathy, too, with "PATERFAMILIAS," "COUNTRY RECTOR," "MOTHER OF FIFTEEN," and other members of the editorial staffs of London papers whose Silly Season correspondence had been all set up in type now to see the light only, alas, of the kitchen fire. Condolences, too, to the Radical (and Tory) Die-Hards, whose "last ditches" are made to look such silly sort of places in comparison with the kind with which we may be made so cruelly familiar if real war comes.

* *
*

A New Censorship

Impropriety has been hitherto the chief reason for the suppression of posters. Now, it appears, a poster may be held up if it points too lurid a moral, or is considered by the owners of the hoarding to be "not quite nice." Certainly the Suffragette poster, showing a mother protecting her child from the approach of death, isn't a cheerful thing to strike your eye when pleasure-seeking *via* the Tube. But, then, the Suffragettes don't pose as being altogether nice. The question is whether the Tube authorities are to be enrolled among the rapidly increasing legion of censors. We advise them to keep out of it, and to leave advertisers—within the limits of decency—to know their own business.

* *
*

Turn Again!

It is an odd fact that three times this season have the King's plans been thwarted. His absence put the soft pedal upon Goodwood as it will upon Cowes, whose week is now so much more a social event than a sporting one that its usual "House Full" (of Royalties) signal is all-important. But the fairy tale tells us that Whittington, who was made

MR. AND MRS. HAROLD SMITH

After their wedding which took place on Wednesday last at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bride was Miss Joan Furneaux, a sister of Mrs. F. E. Smith. Mr. Harold Smith is Unionist M.P. for Warrington, and, of course, brother of Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P.

Princess Mary's Newest Portrait

The latest portrait of Princess Mary seen above, shows her with her hair up and wearing evening dress with a low neck, which seems to suggest that she must be getting quite grown up now!

Taken by special command of Her Majesty the Queen at Buckingham Palace by Campbell Gray

three times to turn again, lived "happy ever afterwards." A good omen perhaps!

* *
*

Sir Edward Carson

A trivial sounding change, but one that is very marked and very noticeable to those who meet Sir Edward Carson socially is the extraordinary improvement in his appearance. A few weeks ago he looked painfully worried, obsessed, fine drawn to the breaking-point; to-day he is an almost radiant "man of forty"—not a day more—in Spartan health. We can all guess *generally* what has wrought this change, but it would be most interesting to know *precisely*.

OUR A B C of the Crisis

(*With Apologies to all our Contemporaries*)

ASQUITH.—British Prime Minister, War Minister, First Lord of the Treasury, and M.P. for East Fife. Should be immediately informed of any attempted landing by foreign troops on these shores before any proclamation to the contrary becomes "exhausted."

ANNE (QUEEN).—This lady is dead. [Official.]

BLACKPOOL.—Not yet affected. A favourite watering-place with well-organised amusements. Population on a Peace footing, 58,273. Bank Holiday footing, 100,302.

Photograph] GRAVITY INCARNATE [*G.P.U.*

Lord Haldane and Sir Edward Grey on their way to a Cabinet meeting last week. As Foreign Minister, Sir Edward has made great efforts in the cause of peace, and is apparently, and with every reason, feeling the great weight of responsibility thrust upon him by the War Crisis. While Lord Haldane, late Minister for War, has probably been invited to consult with him as to British policy

CARLSCRONA.—The chief naval station of Sweden. Swedish Army, 40,257, 240 guns (about); Landstorm, 165,000. May be involved, given certain circumstances which have not yet arisen.

"CAUSUS BELLI."—*May* be translated "Cause of War."

"DAILY MAIL" (½*d.*). *See* "TIMES" (1*d.*).—[Advt.]

ELIZABETH PETROVNA.—Empress of Russia 1741—62. Daughter of Peter the Great.

FLUSHING.—A fortified port in the Netherlands. As it is the nearest port to England, it might, if it ever came into the hands of Germany, be truly called "A pistol presented at the head of England." There is a regular service of boats between Flushing and Queenborough (in Kent).

GALICIA.—(1) A territory to the north of the Carpathians populated by about six million Slavs. (2) A province in Spain in a very backward condition. It is important not to confuse these two. Either or both in certain eventualities might become involved.

GERMANS.—A people of the Teutonic stock of the Aryan family, comprising High Germans, Low Germans and Low-Down Germans. They have among other things 13 Dreadnoughts and 651 battalions of infantry. If they are involved London will at once experience a famine in waiters.

HAUSAS.—An interesting African race living in West Africa. There is little probability of their being involved, but we thought it just as well to mention them.

ITALY.—A peninsula ("nearly an island") stretching into the Mediterranean Sea for a considerable distance. Resembles a man's leg and foot kicking a football (Sicily). Time alone will show whether Italy will be involved or not.

MARCONI, GUGLIELMO.—The inventor of a method of transmitting telegraphic messages without the aid of wires. It remains to be seen whether this clever invention can be put to any practical use during the coming struggle.

NEVA.—A short deep river in Russia. It is frozen from November to April. St. Petersburg stands on it. By the way, did we mention that Russia may become involved? You Neva can tell.

PARIS.—The capital of France. Called by those who know it least "The Gay City."

SWISS NAVY.—For all practical purposes may be ignored.

"TIMES" (1*d.*). *See* "DAILY MAIL" (½*d.*).—[Advt.]

ULSTER.—Occupies the northern portion of Ireland, and includes (up to the time of going to press) nine counties. Army: Peace fooling, *nil*; War footing, 80,000. May become still more involved, but it seems hardly possible.

VEHMGERICHTE.—A powerful tribunal of mediæval Germany which was abolished in 1811. It has little or nothing to do with the present crisis, but it came in well under "V."

WAGRAM.—A village a few miles north of Vienna, where Napoleon defeated the Austrians in 1809. [We know it's a long time ago, but it does bring in the Austrians, who you know are involved up to the neck already.]

YARRA-YARRA.—A river in Australia, on which stands Melbourne. Australia has hardly had time yet to feel the effects of the war in Europe.

ZULUS, THE.—The Zulus are physically a fine race, and though prone to fighting, are not resentful. They govern themselves on democratic lines, and——

[Hi! Stop him somebody!—ED.]

W. HODGSON BURNET

Russia's Thorn in the Flesh

SCENE IN A TYPICAL WARSAW CAFÉ ON RECEIPT OF WAR NEWS

Poland has ever been a source of trouble to Russian policy. In the present time of crisis, rumours of ...ffection and upheaval in Warsaw and the surrounding country abound. Will the Poles, in the event of Russia's goin... e advantage of her embarrassment to make things warm for her at their corner of the frontier? Above is reproduced ... a typical Warsaw café on the arrival of an edition of the "Kurier Warszawski" with fateful news. T... ur artist on the spot

Pictures of Peace and War

Photograph *Central News*

POLO AT COWDRAY PARK

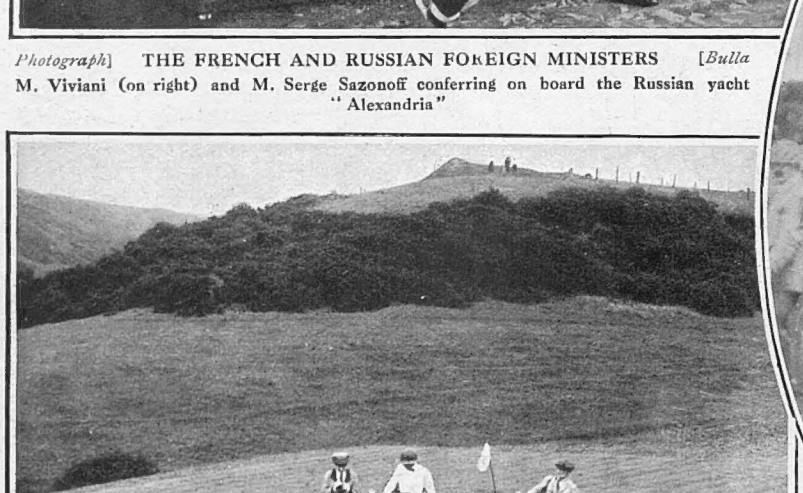
A game in progress between Stepham and Haslemere

THE DERNIER CRI

(as worn by Lady Cowdray at Goodwood)

Photograph THE FRENCH AND RUSSIAN FOREIGN MINISTERS *[Bulla*

M. Viviani (on right) and M. Serge Sazonoff conferring on board the Russian yacht "Alexandria"



Photograph *Pictorial Press*

THE OPEN MEETING OF THE SCARBOROUGH GOLF CLUB

Miss B. O. Anderson and Miss Leetham playing on the fifth green

Photograph *Sport and Gener*

MR. J. B. JOEL'S "GOLDEN SUN"

With W. Huxley up, which ran a dead heat with Mr W. Raphael's "Lord Annandale" for the Stewards' Cu at Goodwood last week

However dark may be the clouds of international politics it is always a good thing to keep up a cheerfu gloomy [illegible] connected with the European War Crisis by means of a few bright snapshots showing that said mixture is at all events sufficiently mixed to allow

Mixed to Suit All Tastes

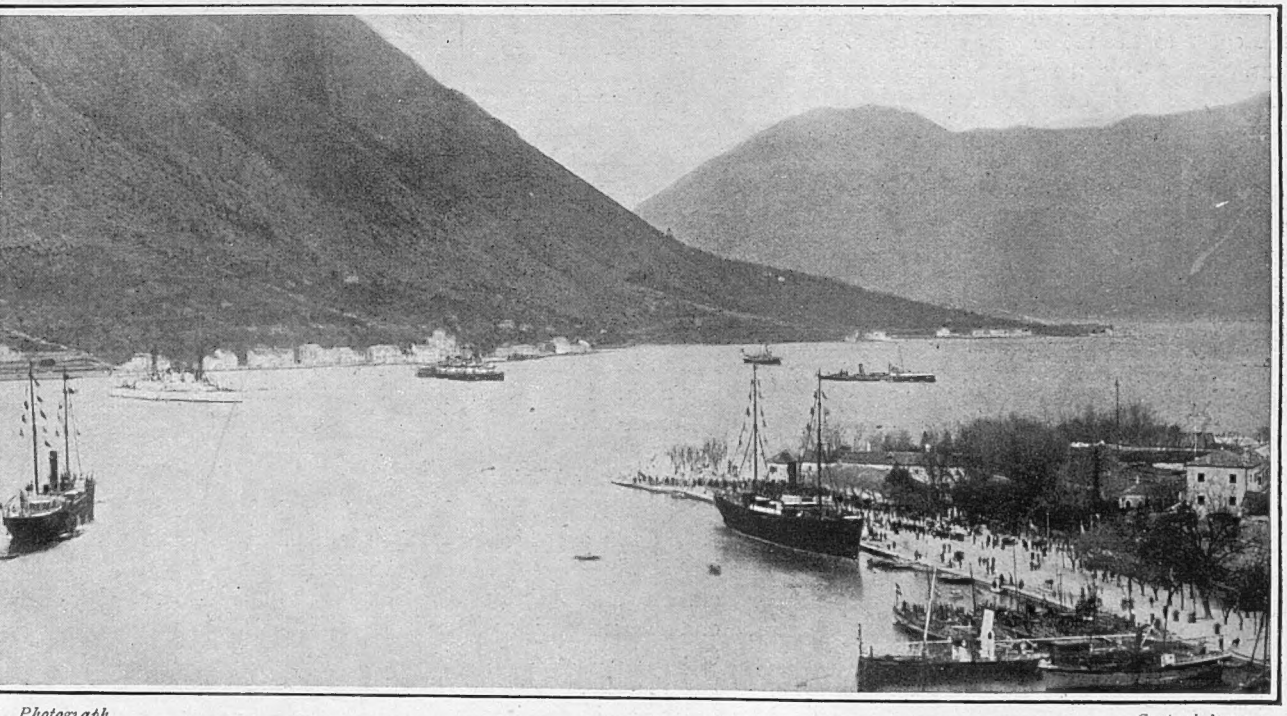
Photograph *Record Press*

AFTER THE HONEYMOON

Mr. Kermit Roosevelt and his young wife, whom he married in Spain recently

Photograph *Central News*

ADMIRAL VON TIRPITZ, CHIEF OF THE GERMAN NAVY



Photograph *Central News*

THE BAY OF CATTARO WHERE THE AUSTRIAN FLEET IS CONCENTRATING

appearance, and so, working on that principle, we have thought it well to leaven the inevitable and somewhat social activity is not altogether suspended. We trust that readers will like the mixture—and if t[illegible]'t, the them to make their own choice and ignore the rest!

Caillaux Comments : BY THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

The Three Judges

THREE large and roomy armchairs with three insignificant-looking little men lolling in them. The three are badly dressed, but scarlet robes hide the worst. They wear ermine-trimmed, brimless, rather rabbinical caps on their heads, and they wear them too often, for though they take them off when they arrive, they usually put them on again at frequent intervals. Two of the men in scarlet robes are silent. One of them, he who sits on the left of the central figure, ventured an inaudible remark one day, and all but had to fight a duel in consequence. These three men throned on dignity, but lacking it in their own personalities, are the three judges.

***

Gardes du Palais

Big men in red and blue, stalwart and dignified indeed. One, older than his comrades, wears more gold than they on his blue cap, and more gold braid across him. All these men know the journalists, and now and then smoke a friendly cigar at their expense. They block the little passage way, which leads past the room where the witnesses are herded to the court-room, and keep us waiting every now and then, smiling at our angry expostulation. They run from the court to the messengers outside and carry telegrams. They have more dignity than anybody in the court-room or in the precincts of the Palace of Justice, and they earn something like ten shillings a week on which they look smart and maintain a wife and family. The Municipal Guards, or Gardes du Palais.

***

Madame Caillaux

A woman with fair hair, and such a wan and tired face. Her face was pink and flushed when the trial began. It is not even white, now that it is over, but white with leaden shadows in it—weariness personified. Nothing moves her to action. She spoke for some hours on the first day, she spoke often on the second day and the third. For three days she has said no word, though one day she moaned like a little child whose troubles are too much for childhood to endure, and when she stopped moaning she fell forward, and nearly rolled on to the floor, for she had fainted. The prisoner.

***

Joseph Caillaux

A little man, dapper and smartly dressed, better th[illegible] nchman usually dresses, a little man w[illegible] till. His bald head gleams pink [illegible] of brownish hair, as he stands at the witness bar facing the bench. His voice is disagreeably piercing when it does not lower itself into a whine. When he turns and defies the crowd, who every now and again howl and boo at him, his snuff-coloured moustache above tobacco-blackened teeth, cuts a sharp bar across an angry red mean little face. He declaims against injustice, against ill-gotten riches, clamours for recognition of his honour, contradicts, produces documents, reads them, is arrogant and self-assertive, or self-abased and penitent by turns. The arrogance rings truer than the self-abasement. Joseph Caillaux.

Photograph *Manuel*

MADAME CAILLAUX

Who was last week acquitted in Paris, after a trial lasting eight days, of the murder of M. Calmette, editor of the "Figaro"

***

Berthe Gueydan

A slim dark woman, with a proud hard face. Perfectly dressed, far younger than her years, far stronger than we used to think her sex could be. A voice with ringing scorn, and cold, dry anger in it. A hiss as she alludes to the prisoner in the dock as "that person." Utter forgetfulness in that cold voice of the oath to speak without hatred, when she mentions Joseph Caillaux's name. Never a look toward the other woman in the dock, the woman who now bears the name she herself used to bear. She is Berthe Gueydan, Joseph Caillaux's first wife.

***

Maître Chenu

A bald-headed man in a black robe. Bushy eyebrows and a big sandy moustache. The appearance of a major in an English cavalry regiment. Cold and dry as a snake is his manner, his irony cuts like a knife, under his domed forehead is the cold mechanism of a steely brain unequalled for ruthless strategy. A man to fear, and to admire, a witty man, a brilliant man, a man so little lovable that one wonders what he can be to those he loves in private life, if there be any such. Maître Chenu, the lawyer for the family of Gaston Calmette.

***

Maître Fernand Labori

A great Norse Viking of a man. Silver hair plastered down over his forehead, huge hands and feet, a long, burly body—(he is well over six feet tall)—which seems to uncoil when he rises from his bench to thunder or to wheedle with that marvellous voice which was God's gift to him. In anger his voice rolls and bursts like thunder. It can be infinitely gentle, it is warm, generous, impressive, and impulsive like the man himself. A great big man in every sense. A splendid fellow. A man whom everyone must like whether he will or no. The prisoner's counsel, Fernand Labori.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

How Nice to Be Home Again

THE GLADSTONES RETURN FROM A LAND OF UNREST TO ONE WHERE PERFECT CALM PREVAILS!

Lord Gladstone has returned—and returned, as seen above, with a smile upon his countenance. No doub
to have left behind him a land of trouble and tribulation, and to be about to take a rest from his
happy England, where peace, tranquillity, good-will to all men, and a profound somnolence are the re
of the present time!

Lightest Vein

LIEUT. PORTE, it is stated, has postponed his trans-atlantic flight, at any rate until October. We don't wonder at it. Europe in its present bellicose mood is far too dangerous a continent for any prudent man to fly to.

* * *

War is a regrettable business, but even it can be turned to the enlightenment of the human race by the right person. Thus the *Daily Mail* has availed itself of this Austro-Servian tangle to elucidate for its millions of readers what has long, apparently, been a mystery to them—viz., which exactly the three nations are that compose the Triple Alliance.

* * *

The Caillaux trial has been disappointing. We rather hoped that some little point would crop up which would render a challenge from the President of the French Republic to the Premier a matter of course. But no. Except for the set-to between the judges there has been nothing of the sort. The French have no idea of the dramatic.

* * *

A question often asked by the curious is—"What becomes of all the pins?" It may help them to know that Chaliapin has gone back to Russia.

* * *

The news that the British Medical Association has decided to start a Defence Fund, instead of forming itself into a Trades Union, has come, we believe, as a great relief to the majority of people in this country. The idea that medical men might be called upon by their Union to "down tools," in the middle, perhaps, of an important operation, would certainly have been trying to nervous patients.

* * *

Why, by the way, was the Clinical Congress not held this year in Dublin instead of in London? The presence of 1,500 famous surgeons in Dublin, instead of in London, would have made a Bank Holiday gun-run quite a suitable thing. As it is, it is the peaceful Londoner who has had to be carved up during the past week.

* * *

"A female Mowgli, who is supposed to have been brought up by monkeys, has been discovered in the jungle of Naini Tal. All her actions are those of a monkey." The suggestion that she should be christened Sylvia, which means, of course, "a creature of the woods," seems under the circumstances a happy one.

* * *

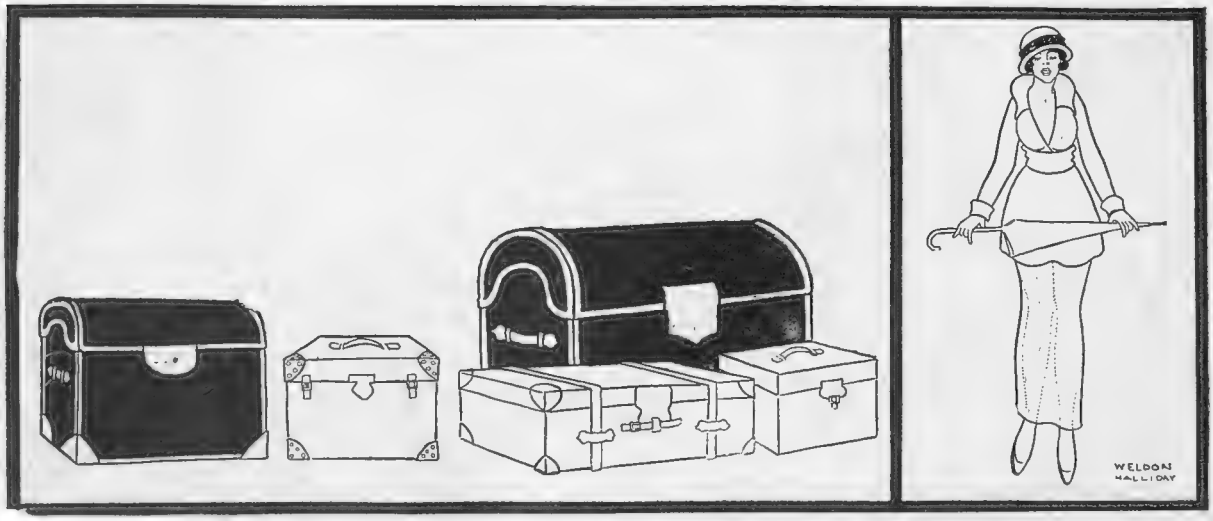
In the opinion of a *Times* correspondent, Georges Carpentier would have defeated Tom Sayers, if the two could have met. It is difficult to pronounce on so hypothetical a matter as this, but we certainly agree that, if M. Deschamps had also been present, Sayers might very easily have been disqualified—for a foul blow.

* * *

The London County Council continues in the throes of vexation as to its motto, which, as we have mentioned, is to be English, not Latin. Why not simply "God Help Us"?—a motto which would at once be brief, reverent, and ideally expressive of the sentiments of the London ratepayer.

* * *

We are able to contradict the latest theory with regard to the statement in the King's speech about Civil War being on the lips of the most responsible of his people. No reference was intended to the Bishops and the Kikuyu question, which is likely to be settled without resort to arms.



MY LADY'S TRUNKS—AND THE AMOUNT OF CLOTHING THEY PRODUCE

A man asks why the number of women's trunks has not decreased—since they have left off petticoats and other things and dresses. But they haven't, and this is the sort of contrast you can see at any railway station during the present holiday season

BY WELDON HALLIDAY

Four Daughters of Russia

Photograph *Boissonas*

THE GRAND DUCHESSES OLGA, TATIANA, MARIE AND ANASTASIE, DAUGHTERS OF THE TSAR NICOLAS

THE GRAND DUCHESS OLGA
Eldest daughter of the Tsar, and aged 19

The Tsar's four daughters, charming photographs of whom are published on this page, are just now at what is sometimes called an "interesting age." The alliances which may be formed by their probe[illegible] marriages during th[illegible] few ye[illegible]rs are li[illegible] consi[illegible]ce on a Sunday recently. The tower seen above at the [illegible] Euro[illegible]moration of the inauguration of the Fenians movement of 19[illegible] at this spot

Sport and General

[illegible] VOLUNTEERS AT "DEVIL'S BITE," TEMPL[illegible]

The River Season: At Kingston Regatta

Photograph *Sport and General*

SPECTATORS WATCHING THE FINISH OF THE JUNIOR FOURS WON BY STAINES B.C.

From John Bull's Other Island

BY A BYSTANDER IN DUBLIN

Making History

I REACH Ireland at one of her great Psychological Moments of history. The Empire is in the act of jolting from one of the gigantic cog-wheels of Time on to another. My grandchildren will listen with bated breath while I tell them how I, a blithe, handsome young man, was in Ireland in the summer of 1914. "It'll be either peace or war to-morrow morning," I hear a genial Connemara gentleman (quite truly) observe. But news? They have got none! The Irish are too busy making history to talk about it. As a rule they are always talking about it—complaining of the history which is being made (by an unspeakable Government), explaining what history they *could* make if they had common justice. Just now they have no idea "where they are." Ireland has woken up to find herself a military nation. A revolution is in full swing in the north. In the south an army has sprung up, as though from dragon's teeth.

The Importation of News

There is another reason for the absence of news—you get it all in London first! The searchlight of "special correspondents" has suddenly been flooded on to Ireland, a small army of skilled observers, set at liberty by the Silly Season, trained to sift news to its essence, given every opportunity for getting it—specialists in "descriptive reporting," who catch the leading features of a situation and sketch them for you in London in a few bold, impressionist strokes. None of the Irish papers could afford such a news service—it is hardly worth reading them at present.

"The Cause"

News, you must understand, is a highly technical subject. It is always there—life is full of it—but it takes a trained journalist to find it. That is why the papers are empty during the Silly Season—pressmen are away on their holidays. They do not make news, but they discover it; they classify it with other news, and dish it up in a taking form. It is quite common with journalists to find a man who is full of important news and doesn't know it. All that you have been learning about Ulster has been there for a long time; it took some skilled gentlemen to find it. And these gentlemen have no bias to cloud their judgment. The Irishman is what is known in commercial life as "too close to his business" to take a big, impartial view. He wants a business consultant to come from outside and tell him something about himself.

How to be Happy Though Military

During the last few months the crisis has made a social revolution in the south. Ireland has become a nation of soldiers, and the result is an object lesson in the advantages of universal service without its disadvantages. The loafer has begun to disappear. Instead of beating about near the public-house in the evening he turns up and drills. His shoulders show it. In a half-shy, half-defiant way he is shaking off the servility of the Irish peasant and looks you in the face. Conscription practically abolished slums in Germany, and may do so here. I have seen these soldiers drilling on the strand at Sandy Mount, and—considering that they are working-men busy during the day, only turning up here once a week and bearing the expense themselves—they make a good show. I doubt if they want to fight anybody. Why should they? They are fairly comfortable, and have got their dearly beloved Home Rule Bill. Discipline has given them self-control.

Scarlet Fever

The Nationalist Volunteers are serving for the love of it. They have caught the scarlet fever; the Irish are naturally a soldiering nation, just as the English—to judge from the success of the Territorials—are not. But the Irish get more good out of soldiering. The English have character and little brains; the Irish have brains and little character, and discipline gives them a certain amount. Universal service really means universal gymnastics—that is its benefit. The moral is that we should always be getting ready for a war. All this, of course, applies to Ulster as much as to the South, but the South shows the effects so much more. Of the final results of all this I know nothing. One of the few accurate things which Froude told us was that it is folly to forecast history.

Photograph *Sport and General*

COUNTY TIPPERARY VOLUNTEERS AT "DEVIL'S BITE," TEMPLE[illegible]

This assembly took place on a Sunday recently. The tower seen above at the [illegible] erected in commemoration of the inauguration of the Fenians movement of [illegible] at this spot

Another Civil War

Talking of war (as I have done incessantly since I landed), there is another constantly being waged in Ireland—that against poverty and disease. Its plan of campaign you may see at the Civic Exhibition in Dublin—one of the best-organised exhibitions I have ever seen, and here I speak as an expert, for I have suffered badly at the hands of inept exhibitions. Lady Aberdeen is its driving force; you know it if you meet her Excellency for a moment. She is a born organiser, who keeps her staff on fire with enthusiasm. The subject of the housing and health of the lower classes is usually a dull one—except to the lower classes themselves. The year's mortality among Irish children represents in numbers four *Empress of Ireland* disasters, not so brilliantly exciting as the casualties of a Civil War, yet doubtless of interest to the mothers of the children. T.C.D.'s brilliant scientist, Sir William Thompson, will take you round, and show you—reduced to cold figures—how much, or, rather, how little, will keep an Irish family alive, the short and tragic annals of the slums writ large in diagrams, melodramas all the more affecting when set out, with crisis and *dénouement*, in statistical tables.

Casualties of the Slums

Here is another army of national volunteers, mobilised for the war against the microbe, with sanatoria for military hospitals. It is calculated that the doctor only does half the cure, the nursing and surroundings the other half; but how are you to convert a living-room in a Dublin slum into a suitable residence for an invalid? There is the problem. But politics! This country reeks with it. People seem to object to a consumption cure if it is Nationalist or the reverse, as the case may be, and want to know the religion of the doctor who examines a child's eyesight! One of the brilliant ideas of the organisers of this exhibition is the taking of derelict spaces and tumble-down houses in the depths of the City and turning them into playgrounds and clubs for working-class children. It is a brilliant Exhibition—almost the first brilliant Exhibition I have ever seen. HILL ROWAN

The Age of False Values

A TILT AT PUBLIC AND PRESS

Preposterous Rubbish

There used to be a certain type of man—there may be still for all I know—who was fond of declaring that it was of more use for a boy to read the *Times* regularly than all the history-books of the world put together. And the Press in general without even the justification of the *Times* in particular has gone on talking this kind of preposterous rubbish ever since.

The Glory of the Press

Preposterous rubbish! Well, perhaps one may confine oneself to such a comparatively mild expression in the case of the *Times* (old style), but when applied to the contemporary Press such a doctrine, even in its most diluted form, appears to me nothing more or less than damnable. You find it referred to in glowing terms of post-prandial enthusiasm at Press dinners and similar functions, when windy orators expatiate on the glories of the Press, the benefits it has wrought, the general information it has scattered, the news it has brought to the knowledge of all.

False Values

The age in which we live is essentially one of false values in any case. We move so easily and sit still with so much difficulty that we have no time for contemplation or reflection of any kind. Consequently, we are liable to be impressed by ephemeral brilliance rather than real talent, even more than other publics have been in the past. The best instance of this is the manner in which we treat scientists and scientific research. There are literally hundreds of men in England to-day doing a year's work of first-rate importance for less than half the wages paid weekly to some music-hall stars—and thankful if they can even get that much. Nobody thinks anything of them or regards their labours as half so important as the magnificent services rendered to the community by game-keepers, cooks, and chauffeurs. ...ds like them, in art, literature, even in ...the really useful work of the world, pass unnoticed year in, year out. We are all much too busy talking about the things that don't matter.

Press "Booms"

This evil seems to me to be directly stimulated by the Press. Open almost any newspaper you like, and you can bet your boots that the greatest prominence will always be given to events if not of the least, at any rate of lesser importance. Take, for instance, Foreign Affairs. They are invariably stifled by the latest divorce scandal or the latest newspaper competition whether in aeroplanes or tiddliwinks. Take, again, the arts. Which is the art most prominent in the newspapers? The most ephemeral of all, the art of the stage. Compare the newspaper-treatment of an ordinary "first-night" and the first performance of an ordinary symphony. The music is simply nowhere. But the journalist, obsessed by mere London fads, is convinced that nobody is interested in the more permanent art. In this case the Press is certainly below the level of the better portion of the general public.

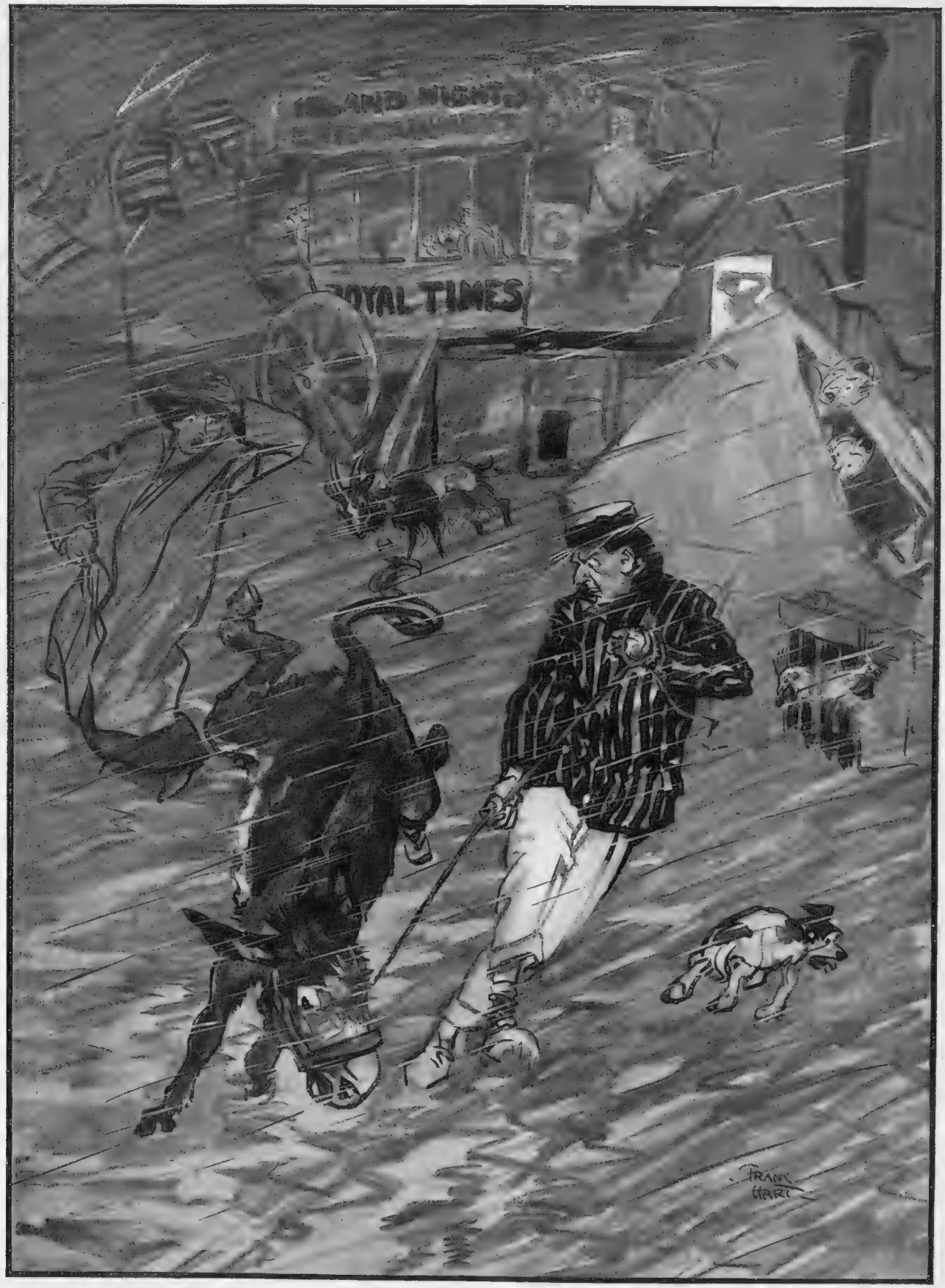
Distorted Vision

So it is in the matter of social news. The amazing collection of pushful personages of varying degrees of unimportance who are palmed off in the social paragraphs of the Press as "Society" is, I am told, a source of constant amusement to the really initiated. In any case, important or unimportant, their private doings are of no particular interest to anybody but themselves and their friends, and the chronicling of them is another instance of the distorted sense of values that obtains in Fleet Street.

The Importance of —Golf!

Perhaps with the general discredit into which the Press is so rapidly falling this unbalanced attitude will tend to right itself. It is even possible that the next generation will refuse to believe that our leading newspaper spent the fateful summer of 1914 in discussing the vital question of the excellence or otherwise of the game of golf! But for the present we must, I am afraid, recognise ourselves as essentially a public for whom a sense of proportion has very little meaning. Otherwise we could not bear with our Press for a day. F. T.

The Joys Of Camping-Out



DESPAIRING HOSTESS: "Jack, dear, don't tie 'Sancho' up yet! I want you to ride him into the town. The ... man hasn't been, and we've absolutely nothing to eat or drink!"

BY

M"

... English sculptor, ... most promising of

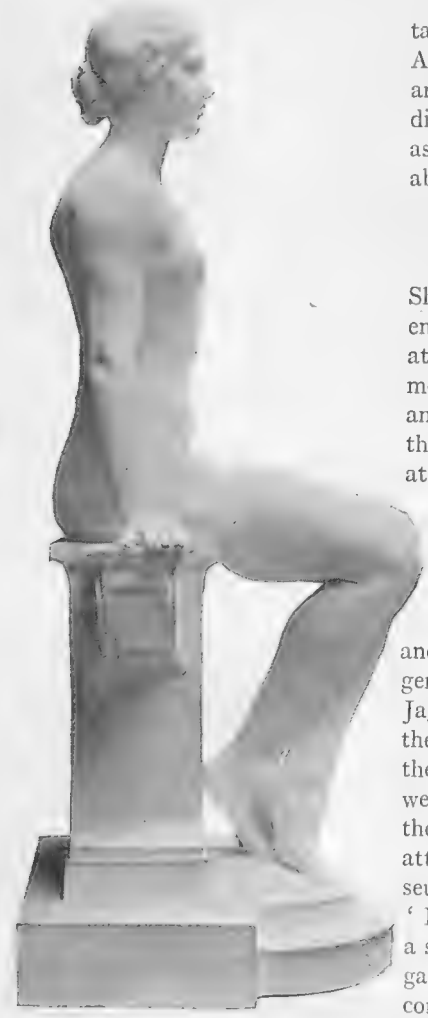
A New "Arrival" in British Sculpture

THE WINNER OF THE GRAND PRIX DE ROME AND SOME OF HIS WORK

British Sculpture

CAN anyone suggest a reason for the poorness of British sculpture? In any case the fact is undeniable and applies in various degrees to all northern nations. So let us blame our dear old enemy, the climate, and leave it at that. Though London is, I believe, to have a Rodin of her own, our fogs cannot be said to be encouraging to out-of-door sculpture—and sculpture is, essentially, an out-of-door art. However, our sculptors are improving, and at last we seem to have one of real talent.

MR. CHARLES SARGENT JAGGER



STUDY OF A GIRL
A sculpture exhibited at the Royal Academy

A Mystic

With the eyes of a mystic, and fair hair, Charles Sargent Jagger—the Englishman who has won the Grand Prix de Rome for sculpture, might be taken for a Norseman, and a poet. A poet he certainly is, expressing an infinity of ideas in a hundred different ways. Yet he is as modest as he is clever, very averse to talking about his own achievements.

Winner of Scholarships

Mr. Jagger studied first at the Sheffield School, and became an engraver of metal. He then taught at evening classes, and worked at modelling in the daytime. "Man and the Maelstrom" and "Prometheus Bound" were both produced at this time.

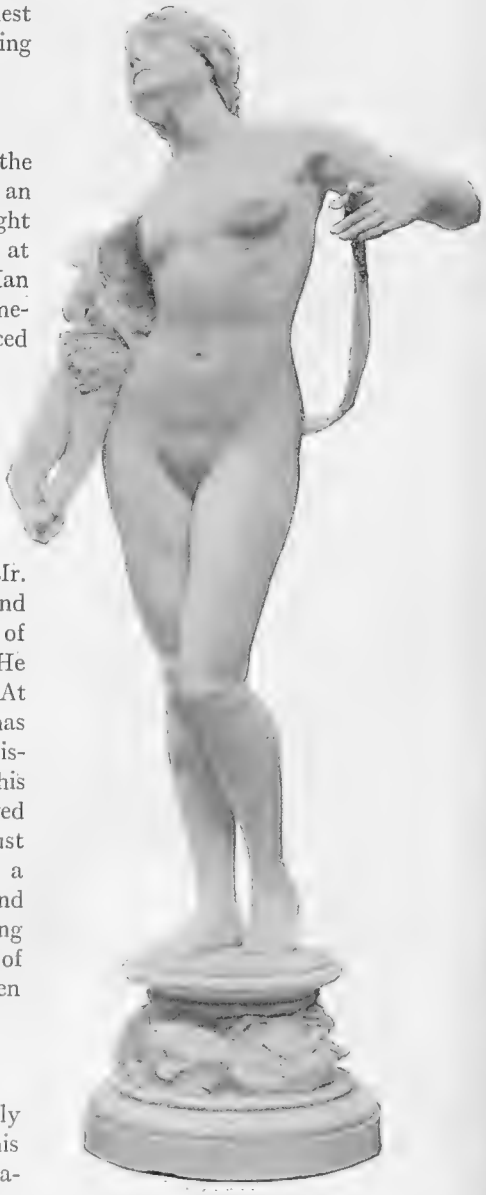
He had the good fortune to come under Professor Lanteri through taking a scholarship at the Royal College of Art, and under his guidance his genius rapidly unfolded itself. Mr. Jagger gained many prizes and the Travelling Scholarship of the Royal College of Art. He went abroad for some months. At the Royal Academy his work has attracted the attention of connoisseurs for some time, and his 'Baccanal" of 1914 is considered a sublime masterpiece. He has just gained the Prize of Rome by a composition called "Music," and music and rhythm are in those strong flowing lines, and distribution of masses. Other works are to be seen at the White City.

Personal Force

Mr. Jagger has a tremendously strong personality. Some of his characteristics are great imagination and facility of execution. Take any one of the figures in his groups and notice the variety of types, and treatment. His tendency is for life and movement, in which suppleness and strength are combined. He may be classed with such men as Carpeaux and Clodian, but he is never reminiscent. He is always himself.

Professor Lanteri prophesied a very great future for him years ago. He says Charles Jagger is one of the most gifted pupils he has had, and this is high praise, for Lanteri has trained some of our great sculptors.

I. G. McALLISTER



DESIGN FOR FIGURE ON A FOUNTAIN

Three Imaginative Sculptures

BY AN ENGLISH ARTIST OF POWER AND ORIGINALITY

"MUSIC": THE DESIGN WHICH WON THE GRAND PRIX DE ROME

"PROMETHEUS BOUND"

"MAN AND THE MAE[illegible]M"

The very delightful examples of sculpture illustrated above are the work of M[illegible] English sculptor, who recently won the Grand Prix de Rome. He has been a pupil of Pr[illegible] e most promising of the younger artists. An article about him and his w[illegible] eding page

A Touch of Nature

THE COUNTRY AS A PLACE OF RECREATION

BY "JINGLE"

WHEN I am tired of business worries I usually go fishing. It is, I think, good for a man to go now and then into the heart of the country with rod and line and to repose, as it were, on the bosom of nature. He comes back with a clearer view of the arts and artifices of great cities, and, incidentally, he picks up a little knowledge of the things that really matter. It is on record, for instance, that Lord Palmerston did not learn till quite late in life that a tadpole is only an immature frog, and he received the startling intelligence with what Mr. Gladstone would have called "a wholesome scepticism." If such a Ministerial phenomenon lived in our day we could, I suppose, send to town a representative tadpole in a glass jar labelled "Wait and See." After all, there is nothing like the evidence of your own eyes. I understand, by the way, that at the coming Colonial Congress of Scientists a great deal of the Darwinian theory is to be confuted and confounded, so that the question of whether the tadpole is or is not a blood-relation must be considered as hanging in the balance for the moment.

"When I am tired of business worries I usually go fishing"

By G. E. Studdy

It is not easy to find a spot in this country where, to quote the immortal Irishman, the hand of man has never set foot, but there are of a surety places that are less frequented than others. Here, for instance, on the bank of a winding stream that is flanked on both sides by seas of ripening corn "that grows a weed, yet makes the life of man," I think I am alone, though solitude is not easy to come at in these nomadic days when, as Ruskin put it, wherever people may be, they want to be somewhere else. An aeroplane has just snarled along overhead; and faintly in the distance I can hear motor-cars on the main road hurrying to and from the London that is as far from me now as a dream that the waking hour has banished. The gentle Izaak Walton went into the country vowing that London was no place for an honest man; and as he had made a little fortune in business there he probably knew what he was talking about.

There is one occasion in this fair land of ours when you may be sure it will rain heavily; and that is on the day on which the busy man snatches a rare holiday. It was raining pitchforks when I arrived at the village green where the young man who procures my live-bait was to meet me. I found him standing under a tree, where he had taken shelter from the storm. He is really a most intelligent young man. In the course of our conversation I gathered that he had never heard of Shakespeare or Bernard Shaw or the Panama Canal; but he was anxious that I should know that if my fowls were moulting now it was just the right time, and if they were not moulting, a pinch of Epsom salts added to their drinking water would be a very good thing for them. When I exclaimed that it was a fine old elm under which we were standing he begged leave to correct me, explaining that it was a "beech-nut-tree," and that the Vicar had computed its age at four hundred years at least. I told him that in that case it must have been there while Christopher Columbus was still alive, and suggested that Bluff King Hal himself, who once had a country seat close by, may have walked under its adolescent shade. The young man replied that he had never heard of these people, as he had no acquaintances outside the village; but there was an old man living next door to him who was said to be in his hundredth year, and who was sure he had seen the tree there as long as he could remember, which I did not consider at all an unreasonable claim under the circumstances.

It is a fine old tree. It has stood there while sixteen generations of the "valiant dust that builds on dust" have come and gone again; it stands there still, very literally in a green old age, listening, it may be, with the pitying smile of the wise who know, while "the clock beats out the little lives of men." Socrates declared that trees had nothing to teach him. I should like to have had him under that beech-tree for half an hour. If I failed to interest him in the philosophy of trees I could at least have cut a stout switch for him and sent him home with it to let trees teach the shrewish Xantippe something.

Fishing is a job that needs patience and solitude. The first commodity I stocked in considerable quantities many years ago, and have still some of it left in a good state of preservation. But solitude is like success: we cannot command it though we may deserve it. I had been waiting for two hours for a bite, and there were lively indications that the expected was about to happen. But just then an irresponsible motorist turned down the scarcely navigable little lane that leads to the stream, and pulled up a yard or two from my pitch. He left his engine throbbing and pounding away with a horrid palpitation that shook the earth and the waters beneath it, while he walked across to explain to me that he had somehow lost the road and would be glad if I would tell him where he was. I told him, to the best of my knowledge, where he was, but I have a very precise idea indeed of where I wished him to be at that moment.

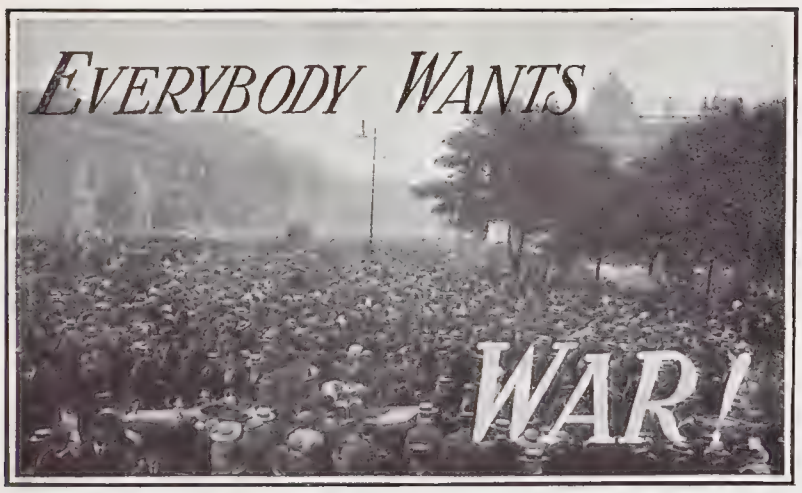
JINGLE

"Hampton Court—and So Home"

THEN—

—AND NOW

The late Mr. Samuel Pepys, had he wished, as he did on various occasions, to visit Hampton Court would doubtless have gone there and taken his wife, or a lady friend in a sedan chair, and by that vehicle returned to town. The young buck of the present day has another method, as seen above



Berlin's enthusiasm for war in front of the Royal Palace

BY THE BYSTANDER IN BERLIN

The Note

Everyone wants war. That was plain to everyone from the moment Little Nicholas issued his ambiguous, menacing, bluffing (?) Note that he will not remain indifferent to the Danube scrap. At first things happened, and did not happen, which made the impression that Germany wants no war. There was no excitement in the mild processions of July 25; no windows were broken; and the drop in securities mainly affected Holy Russia's mines. But the Press, the Man in the Street (mostly now on the Strand) show beyond dubitation that everyone wants war.

"Simplicissimus"

Everyone wants war, because everyone credits the Slav Peril; thinks Slav instability a threat to security; says that the Slavs are a vicious, unreliable, incorrigible race. And Russia, with whom they want war, is the worst. What could go farther than *Simplicissimus's* cartoon: "The Success." It shows tired King Peter and snub-nosed Nicholas in the theatre wings, plainly on the first night of the Serajevo Drama. "Authors! Shall we respond to the call?" asks tired Peter, clutching snub-nosed Nicholas.. "Better not," replies Nicholas. "In Europe we always produce anonymously."

German War-Sentiment

Everyone shows no sign of Jingoism. Jingoism is a French, lately a British, virtue. Jingoes never want war. They want emotion, flag-agitation, rhetoric, the chastisement of Pacifists. In Germany Jingoism is replaced by a calculated, forethoughtful, unimpassioned, [illegible]erate war-sentiment which is wholly likeable. It is the sentiment of Bismarck, who could reason two months before Königgrätz, "A war with Austria is essential to the creation of Austro-Prussian friendship." And was right.

THE ALLIES: A PATRIOTIC POSTCARD

Germany and Austria:
"Whether it be in Peace or in Strife,
I stand beside thee, brother, for life"

Which is a translation more or less literal of the legend on this, at the present time, very popular Berlin picture-postcard

The Attraction of War

The want-war generals — the Bernhardis, Keims, and others, are cold-brained, reasonable men; and their war-wanting pamphlets have sense, and no lyrics about Russian, French, or British baseness. They give good reasons for war-making; they appeal to the reader's intelligence and heart. And stripped of Jingo fripperies and *dessous*, the war-cause is extraordinarily attractive. Almost touching. Remember, Germans think, and do not heed rhetoric about "millions of sacrifices," They have read Emanuel Kant on cumulative misery; and care not seven pfennigs whether newspapers report across the whole front page:

10,000 Victim Battle,

or merely (stuck somewhere in a corner near a puff of Klein's Artificial Sunburn):

Schöneberg Bricklayer Killed.

The Only Answer

During the past week these human, wholly logical, and (assuming they are based on conviction and fortified with courage) admirable sentiments prevail. Everyone seriously expects a great war. More than at any time in everyone's memory. Nobody, despite our Chancellor's Morocco-leather thunders, expected war in 1911. War is really expected now. It is expected that St. Petersburg's shadowy, irresponsible adventurers (so everyone puts it) will risk the plunge, and make to Austria categorical demands. And there is one answer: War.

"War for Ourselves"

To this contingency everyone's attitude is praiseworthy. There is calm, is contentment. True, there are some whiners; and these (life is always a paradox) are the customarily Militarist journals, the chief being the *Post*. But these are wise, inhuman whines, not based on the incalculable equation of human misery, but on the transcendental consideration: Where do we come in? This is too much, they say. Dear ally Austria has ever since 1908 been bringing us risks of war in her private interest. If we must war, why not war for ourselves?

The Higher Nobility

However, to everyone who believes in the virtues and pleasantnesses of war, a war for Austria's sake is better than none. In fact, the war crisis shows Germany in admirable light, far exalted above Chauvinism; calculatingly intent on business; full of a still, heroic desire to cut other people's throats, and make no fuss. What a pity it's all for ramshackle Austria! Contrast this with the thin, indeterminate squeak of the British war-man, and see the higher nobility of German culture.

COWES—War or No War

"Come the three corners of the World in arms,
And we shall shock them—nought shall make us rue,
If England to Her SPORTS do rest but true."—SHAKESPEARE *(improved)*

Photograph *Sport and General*

"BYSTANDERS" AT COWES REGATTA

Three young ladies on board Mr. Ingleby's yacht "Esperance" in the Solent, whose good ta[ste] in the matter of literature wherewith to beguile the pleasant hours upon the water we are very har[dly] cognise. The said literature may be seen on a deck-chair on the right of the pictur

Giants of the Boundless Blue

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE KAISER'S "METEOR," AND THE "WHITE HEATHER"

Which has brought Mr. Myles Kennedy many a great victory, are among the most notable boats in the 23-metre class

A Ticklish Job In A Stiff Breeze

Photograph *Sport and General*

GATHERING A HEADSAIL ON BOARD THE "HAMBURG"

Which, before she changed her ownership and her name, gained meteoric fame as the "Westward." This American schooner, built by Herreshoff for Mr. A. S. Cochrane, created a sensation on her first appearance at Cowes a few years ago, when she won the Kaiser's Cup. She now belongs to a syndicate of German yachtsmen

The Business Side of Cowes: Setting S

Photograph

Cowes [illegible] takes place this week under auspices which are rather less favourable than usual. The cloud of political troubles, at home and abroad, hangs over it, and as a social function it is likely to be considerably affected. One might expect that this would be to the advantage of the business side of the meeting—the racing, which so often takes a

pinnakers on Board One of the Racers

Sport and General

rather secondary place. But as a matter of fact the entries are not very good—although the presence of the King's "Britannia" will be an attraction—and the racing is expected to be if anything rather tame

THE WITCHES' PEAKS (TROLLTINDERNE) FROM THE ROMSDAHL VALLEY

IN SEARCH OF SCENERY—No. II.

SOME CRITICISMS OF THE FJORDS AND THEIR TOURIST PATRONS

BY VIVIAN CARTER

Molde, Norway

I AM prepared to advance the theory (which it will be better to attribute to a well-known Harley Street physician) that the love of scenery, where not merely foolish, is a form of neurosis, and that a scene-gazing tour such as I have just indulged in myself on the Fjords is little better than a debauch of the sense of vision. One has been soaked in scenery. It has been scening by day and by night, regardless of mealtimes and sleep. It scenes while we eat, drink, and sleep. Scenery interrupts the most profound of conversations: it thrusts itself between us and the great minds with whom, at sevenpence a volume, we have sought holiday intercourse. Most terrible of all, it has interfered with our sports. The progress of the Deck Quoit Tournament has been delayed on more than ten occasions owing to the players having their attention distracted by some unusually beetling bit of craggery, some incredibly steep cascade, or some dangerously narrow channel.

True, it is to "see the scenery" that we ostensibly come to these Fjords. But is there not a good deal too much of it? In Norway we feel overwhelmed—as we should were we living with Shakespeare or Beethoven or Goethe. We feel the obligation to be always ready to say "How splendid." We have to keep our store of gasps always on tap, by day and by night. For in the Land of the Midnight Sun the scenery takes no rest. It works the clock round. If you go to bed, your conscience smites you, and you feel you are losing several shillingsworth of Fjord. Say you've booked for a fortnight's scenery at about £20 inclusive—that is, at the rate of thirty shillings a day. You feel that to sleep for eight hours is equivalent to chucking ten shillings into the fathomless water.

So, of course, you don't do it if, like myself, an economically minded man. You sit up at least five out of the eight hours, and if you sleep the other three it is a sleep broken by constant jumpings out of bed and lifting aside of porthole curtains for fear lest while dreaming asleep you are sacrificing better dreams awake. People tell you scenery is uplifting to the mind. I am most anxious to believe it; but do the facts help me? One would assume, were this so, that a week or two of scene-gazing would leave a definite mark on one's fellow-passengers. Mine *may* have been uplifted since we left Leith, but, if so, they have kept the fact concealed in the most masterly fashion. It will be when they get home that the uplifting will operate? I wonder. . . . One has met people on their return from scene-gazing trips, and if they are then intellectually or morally the better one has certainly not noticed it. If you ask for impressions of what they have seen, I rather suspect what you will get will be snapshots. Whenever the

G. B. S. on the Rocks

yacht paused at any specially picturesque part of the Fjords, cut would rush a dozen or a score of snapshotters (see photograph).

As to scenery having a softening effect on the character, I doubt that too. I never saw Femininity more indignant than when it was told, while passing some of the most ravishing of scenery on the Bergen Railway, that it wouldn't get its afternoon tea till a quarter to six. To have got hers at five, one lady at least would have given you the whole of Scandinavia, and there were moments when I myself would have paid you six waterfalls for one good glass of beer. I regret to relate that the last five miles of the drive through the Romsdahl were occupied not in admiring the Witches' Peaks (see photograph), but in wondering whether there was an hotel, and I write as one who is not afflicted with chronic thirst. It is merely to illustrate the point that scenery does very little indeed to change your normal outlook on things.

"Whenever the yacht paused at any specially picturesque part of the Fjords out would rush a score of snapshotters."

In the case of Norway, one heard grumbles. Norway, it was said, lacked versatility. It gave you too many repetitions of the same idea. Water, rocks, mountains, mountains, rocks, water. It was like the salesman of a shop who, after selling you pair after pair of gloves, motions you to a staircase and says, "Come this way, and I will show you some *gloves*."

PUZZLE—FIND THE FACE OF MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

Our photographer took the above view of the Waterfall at Merok, to discover to his horror that, even on the Fjords, it was not possible to escape the physiognomy, hewn out on a rock, of a ubiquitous London personality

The Waterfalls That One Expects

And we, the tourists, exclaim, "What, gloves! Why, of course. Do let us see some gloves." Or it was like one of my fellow-passengers who, having several times over sold me (for charity) a copy of a poetic effusion entitled "Norway," wants to sell it to me several times more. Norway has in Fjords a fine idea which is certainly also its own. In no other country of the world, I believe, are steep land and deep water mixed together more artistically and over a wider area. Western Scotland and Ireland have done their excellent best, but Norway beats them if not in sheer loveliness (Norway isn't lovely), certainly in grandeur and in generosity.

But I cannot fairly call Norway's scenery versatile. If there is one thing that is more like one Fjord than another Fjord it is yet another Fjord. Fjords that are equal to the same Fjord are equal to one another. And when you have got thoroughly accustomed to waterfalls of a height of 3,000ft. (with attendant ghosts) you cease to be surprised at waterfalls. You like them—nay, you expect them—and if one is missing from any place visited you are strongly inclined to ask Messrs. Cook for a rebate on your tour money.

I went with a party on one drive (it was through the Valley of the Romsdahl) and when we realised that there were no falls, we took up the attitude you take up towards your housemaid when she has forgotten to put the water-bottle on the table. Not that one would *drink* water, but one expected it there on principle. So with our Norwegian waterfalls. On visiting a town or village, one asked the natives for the waterfall as, in other parts of Europe, one would ask for the Church or Town Hall, and one would generally be rewarded. Sometimes, as here at Molde, the waterfall would be a working one, doing the lighting and heating of the village cost free, in which case, instead of being impressed, we were merely annoyed. Why should Norwegian villagers be saved their rates in this grossly favoured fashion?

THE STALHEIMFOSS

One of the most entrancing of Norwegian views, at the head of the Nærodäl Valley. The "foss" shown is only one [illegible] seven falling from the same height in the same vicinity. (Half-way [illegible] the mountain is an excellent hotel!)

And you should hear us when, as luck would have it, we reach the northern part of Fjordland, where the scenery is more or less undistinguished. Our attitude is one of contempt, and the only salve to our outraged feelings at being deprived of our quota of scenery is the promise that one may see whales. The fact that we did not see a school of whales was taken by one of my fellow-passengers (who belonged, I think, to the scholastic profession) as a personal insult. Had we seen the whales, the grievance would have been the absence of walruses or polar bears. The fact, again, that the authorities in the mountains above Merok had not provided more than a limited number of reindeers and only two or three head of Lapps was the chief grievance of another section.

Those, therefore, who hold that scenery engenders a spirit of content must see that they are all wrong. Why, then, do we go to see scenery? *Cherchez-moi!* In other words, I don't know. All I can say faithfully is that having seen some of Norway's, even in a mighty hurry, I wouldn't unsee it, not even to the extent of one solitary waterfall. V. C.

[*To be finished up*]

"Rus in Urbe"—With a Vengeance!

A GARDEN ON THE ROOF OF THE TOWER BRIDGE POLICE COURT

Mr. ERNEST HICKMAN IN HIS ROOF-GARDEN

Photographs *Harvey*

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE ROOF-GARDEN

Our photograph shows the beautiful roof-garden on Tower Bridge Police Court. The keeper, Mr. E Hickman, spends most of his spare time in transforming the roof into a thing of beauty. Although in such ...ited area, he has succeeded in growing roses, cactus plants, passion flowers, grape vines, a... ...aids in a frame. The plants and shrubs are grown in boxes, of w...

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

THE DIAMOND HONEYMOON

BY CHARLES McEVOY

"HAPPY!" exclaimed Mrs. Broomster. "I feel as if I have been married sixty years, instead of a month. I tell you plainly, mother, that I cannot face the future."

Charlotte was a woman with whom the appellation "Mrs." failed. It was not that she was particularly young, but she was essentially Charlotte, and not even Charlotte Broomster.

"But my dear child," implored her mother. "Tell me what it is; tell me what's the matter."

Charlotte twisted her wedding ring on her finger, as if it was a habit she had lately got into, regarding it meanwhile with an expression as of baffled wonderment that anything so unpleasant could have attached itself to her person.

"It's mostly you," she said, "and to a certain extent Roger."

"Me?" exclaimed her mother, "why, I haven't been near you. I haven't seen you till to-day!"

"No," said Charlotte grimly. Suddenly she had risen imperiously. "How dared you?" she asked. "How dared you encourage me to marry, you who have confessed it a hundred times that my father was so fond, so devoted, so tireless in his attentions." She would have screamed if she had made any sound at all, but she lifted her hands instead, and clenched them slowly twice. "Roger will drive me mad," she said tensely.

Mrs. Sylvester Doone, her mother, attempted to take one of Charlotte's hands.

"My darling——."

"Don't! You'll drive me out of my senses. I can't bear it." She drew in her breath with a shuddering noise. "Darling! Darling! From morning till night I hear no other word. Oh, it's horrible."

Because she was seriously alarmed, Mrs. Sylvester Doone became preternaturally calm. She got Charlotte into a chair and spoke in the low voice in which one addresses an invalid. "Tell me," she said at last. "Tell me everything."

Suddenly Charlotte began to speak, in a low, even key, though all the while she revolved the ring on her finger.

"I am a woman who ought not to have married," she commenced. "I am thirty, or nearly thirty, and all my life men have shown me respect. I hated flirting, and wisely had a manner which made it impossible for people to be anything but polite to me. I never dreamed, I had no idea, that men are like they are and marriage is what it is."

Charlotte's mother found herself blushing for the first time for a quarter of a century, and yet she was more annoyed than impressed, and to herself repeated several times the words, "nonsense" and "rubbish."

"Don't mistake me," said Charlotte, "but is it conceivable to any person who does not know that a fond husband is capable of such idiotic lack of self-restraint? I should have some hope that it would wear away in time but for your tales of my own father. They rob me of any sort of solace."

"What is it that he does?" asked her mother, rather feebly.

Charlotte flinched, and then continued in the same even key.

"First thing in the morning he wakes me with that awful 'darling,' and before I have dressed I have heard it a million times. He'll come out of his dressing-room even while he is shaving, to kiss me with a soapy face, and so it goes on through every hour of the day. He takes my hand and squeezes it even when there are people about. A waiter at Dieppe actually called me 'Mrs. Darling' by a perfectly honest mistake. It has become unbearable."

Her mother nodded, disguising her impatience and irritation.

"Have you quarrelled with him?" she asked. "Have you told him you don't like it?"

"I haven't yet," Charlotte answered. "But there are things in my life even worse than this." She rose to her feet and commenced to pace the room. "I am like a creature in a cage. For a month he has never been out of my sight. It is an absolute fact that this is the first time I have been in a room without him. I have been bought—I must go on paying, I suppose, until the end of my days."

Disregarding her mixed metaphors she continued her perambulation of the room.

"We were poor; he was rich; and I thought at least I should get some of the fun of money, but what fun is it to have a man who goes shopping with you, who sees your dresses tried on, who can't even leave you alone with a dentist? He puts ropes of diamonds round me, and they make me feel like a dog with a new collar. Why didn't you tell me? Or, if I was to marry, why didn't you at least encourage me to marry a poor man?"

"Poor!" echoed her mother "You! If you are discontented now, what would you be with a poor man?"

"At least," said Charlotte, "he would go to business, and be out of the house most of the day. Or if we went out together he couldn't spoon on a tram-car, or in an A.B.C. My life is ruined."

Roger walked into the room at this moment. His wife would have been startled by his ashen face if she had looked towards him.

"Darling," he said, and turned to her mother. "Are you staying?" he asked, not unpointedly. But Mrs. Sylvester Doone was not staying.

"Darling," said Roger again when they were alone together, and then, "my poor darling." He approached and kissed her. "I hardly know how to break it to you," he stammered, "but I have had a blow."

"A blow?" she repeated.

"I am utterly ruined. You know the firm in which I am sleeping partner. It was hammered at two o'clock this afternoon. Your very diamonds, darling, will have to go."

"My diamonds?" she asked.

He kissed her tenderly.

"But you still have me, sweetheart. It'll be a bit of a fight at first, but I'll ride it down. I'll get work, darling, in some City office. It'll mean my being away all day, but we must be brave. Oh, my darling——"

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

"Roger!" she cried suddenly. "You cannot mean it—my diamonds! I could not live without them."

"Your diamonds," he muttered. "And have you nothing to say to me?"

"Only that I despise you. How could you drag me down to this?"

He took a turn towards the door, and when he came back his face was strangely disfigured. It was never a handsome face, now it was unrecognisable as his at all. He took her arm roughly.

"You plaster saint," he said slowly. "You despise me, do you? Well, I'll give you reason. I'll teach you a wife's place now."

"Roger!" she exclaimed. "You are hurting my arm!"

"What have you done to me?" he asked her. "For a month I have fondled and petted you as a creature to be adored. Never again, Charlotte."

"Roger," she cried to him. "Roger!"

He went from the room, and they met at dinner. It was afterwards, when he had taken his stand by the fireplace that he looked down at her.

"Of course," he remarked, "the firm is all right, but another time remember that the drawing-room partition is thin."

She was in his arms in a moment, and he stroked her head. She waited, clinging to him, and he kissed her.

"Darling," he said, "poor little sweetheart. I couldn't do without you, and it would have been unpardonable to have gone smash. Look up, darling, I want to kiss your lips."

She raised her eyes, a little timidly.

"Roger," she whispered, "and my diamonds. I shall not lose them after all." CHARLES McEVOY

A Timely Experiment: Gun-Transport by Motor

A GUN-CARRIAGE ATTACHED TO A SHEFFIELD-SIMPLEX CAR READY TO START

THE GUNS COMING INTO WALTHAM
At the end of the eighty-mile run from Wentworth Woodho

Some trials, particularly interesting and valuable in view
Wentworth Woodhouse, Earl Fitzwilliam's place at Ro
guns by motor. A battery of guns was picked up by a te
and proceeded to Bawtry, where they joined the ammu
way of Selby. On arrival at Cleethorpes, General P
over rough

BY ERNEST LEHMANN

The French Open Championship

THE past month has been full of interesting golfing events. The most important of these, the French Open Championship, was the means of presenting us with a new star, in the person of J. D. Edgar, the Northumberland player. Edgar has been known for some years as a fine and steady player, but no one seriously reckoned his chances when trying to spot the winner of a big event. Whatever may be the explanation of his sudden leap into the front ranks, there is no doubt that henceforward we shall have to keep our eye on him as one of the "possibles" in any future championship. The French Championship was played for the first time in its history at a seaside course, Le Touquet being chosen. Edgar's scores for the four rounds speak for themselves, 71, 74, 70, 73—288, and this splendid aggregate gave him a lead of six strokes over Vardon, who was second.

Mr. Gillies

Vardon was known to be very keen on adding this trophy to his list of successes, for the French Championship is almost the only one which has eluded his grasp. But this keenness of Vardon's adds to the merit of Edgar's wonderful performance. The field included practically all the cracks Mr. Gillies once more showed his superlative qualities as a score-player, for he came in fifth, mainly by means of a splendid last round of 72. As leading amateur he secured the special amateur prize presented by the President of the Republic. This performance of Mr. Gillies adds to one's regret at his inability to take part in our Open Championship, in which both he and Mr. Harris would have been towers of strength for the amateurs.

The Belgian Open Championship

This event followed close on the French Championship, and was played at Capellenbosch, near Antwerp. It enabled Tom Ball to prove that he ad entirely recovered from the poisoned finger ich prevented him showing his proper form at vick. With rounds of 76 and 68 he easily he field, and retained the title, which he first at Lombartzyde. Curiously enough, his ar, 144, was within a point of his 145 second with 148.

with the nals I ce an th

his place among the elect few. I have always combated this view. I don't suppose there is any player whom his fellow-professionals meet in a match with less confidence than Ray. No great event in which he is a competitor can be safely reckoned up unless his chance of victory is seriously considered. His occasional errors from the tee, generally retrieved by remarkable recoveries, and his prodigious length of carry, blind critics to the wonderful delicacy of touch which he possesses for the short game. He is an admirable putter, and when he chooses to use the pitch and run shot or the running-up shot he yields to none in his mastery of either of them.

Edgar's Form

Recently Edgar has given striking confirmation of his fresh form by beating Duncan and Moran at Seaham Harbour, Durham, the course of which the latter is now the resident professional. Edgar won with 73 and 70—143, Duncan being second with 149. It is wonderful what confidence success in a first-class event will give to a man who has been pushing his way steadily into the front ranks. Once he has got his foot on the top of the ladder it makes a world of difference to him, and he goes on from success to success.

The Yorkshire Amateur Championship

Mr. Lassen must be almost tired of winning the Yorkshire Amateur Championship. This year's win makes his fifth success in this event. This year he defeated Mr. J. Smith in the final by 8 and 7. Mr. Smith is, I understand, a working collier and quite young. His prowess at the game, which he must have acquired in the rare leisure moments left him by his arduous underground profession, shows what can be done by an artisan whose heart is in the game. I only wish there were more opportunities for golf for the artisan classes in England. In Scotland, of course, they have splendid scope. But things are moving in the right direction in the South, and more and more municipalities are awakening to the necessity of providing golf courses for the teeming millions.

Turnberry Amateur Tournament

That fine player, Mr. Gordon Lockhart, who so unaccountably failed to drive home his winning advantage in his match with Mr. E. Martin Smith in the Amateur Championship, scored his third success at Turnberry by beating Mr. Orr in the final by 4 and 3. In the preliminary scoring competition Mr. Lockhart was first with scores of 74 and 70, thus proving his great powers in both forms of the game. I still look to him to win the highest honours open to an amateur, and the recent success of Mr. Jenkins, who hails from the same district as Mr. Lockhart, ought to spur him on to the capture of the mateur Championship before many years have ssed.

ERNEST LEHMANN

Other People's Pastimes—No. IV.

BY G. E. STUDD

CHANGING RUSSIA: A PROTEST

SOME NEW SINS IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND

[This article was sent us by "The Bystander in Moscow" before the European crisis, but the picture it gives of up-to-date Russian life is valuable as showing the psychology of the Russian people in times of peace which may at any moment become times of war.]

Free Russia

We English are not accustomed to regard Russia and Liberty as synonymous, and, doubtless, the Russians themselves are secretly envious of the "glorious freedom" of England. And yet, as long as he keeps himself clear of the cesspool of politics, the Russian is free to do as he likes. He is not mothered by his State. He does not need to have recourse to subterfuge to obtain a drink outside given hours. And who can say this much for England or America? Where, too, in the world can a man shut up his house for four months in the year and laze away the summer far from the rattle of the counting-machine and the shrieking of the Press?

The "Dacha"

And yet Russia is changing, and I raise my voice in protest. Let me explain. In summer the cosmopolitan rich go abroad, but the ordinary mortal takes a "dacha" in the neighbourhood of the capital in which he is employed. A "dacha" may have anything from two to twenty rooms. It is made of wood, and is very simple and unfurnished. Most of the doors and windows refuse to close or open. The "dacha" itself invariably looks on to the kitchen window of someone else's "dacha," and the roof always leaks. A "dacha" husband is a man who runs for his train in the morning and returns home at night laden with, say, a roast of beef, two bottles of milk, a dozen eggs, a pound of butter, and a baby's pram. A "dacha resort" may be anything from two to twenty versts from the capital, generally lies in a birch-wood, sometimes boasts of a lake or a river, and must possess a long railway platform.

The Advent of Sport

For everyone except husbands this used to be an ideal existence. For fifty years or more looking at the trains has been the one dissipation of the peace-loving inhabitants, but with the advent of the Ministry of Sport the popularity of this once-unchallenged pastime has been rudely assailed. The Russian has become a sportsman. In former years one was content to watch the trains on week-days, and on Sundays one received invasions from town cousins who arrived in full force by the first train and left by the last, and from whose intrusions the rude shelter of the kennel or the cabbage-patch afforded no escape. To-day, when the thermometer is at 90deg. in the shade, I take up my newspaper and on the leading page under the heading of "Sportivy Kalendar" I find the following programme for the day: Eleven athletic meetings, four tennis fêtes, one pigeon-shoot, three rowing-races, one motor-cycle race, three fishing competitions, the Moscow Derby, and sixty-seven football matches!

Golf

Nor is this all. Close to my own particular "dacha resort" four crazy Englishmen have started golf. A few years ago the police would have stopped the game and the judge would have dismissed the players with a caution and excused their crime with the epithet of "mad Englishmen." To-day the game is followed by a crowd of misguided enthusiasts who have an unholy reverence for a good drive, and are already asking how much the insidious-looking "sticks" cost. Yes, Russia is changing, and the new fever is attacking the old as well as the young. For years I have passed an idyllic summer in a "dacha," where the mosquitoes are comparatively

COUNTRY LIFE IN RUSSIA: THE OLD STYLE

"On Sundays one received invasions from town cousins from whose intrusions the rude shelter of the kennel or the cabbage-patch afforded no escape"

COUNTRY LIFE IN RUSSIA: THE NEW STYLE

"To-day the father of fourteen children suddenly invests in an English cap and a cheap Belgian fowling-piece"

harmless and where there is always a tolerably good excuse for missing one's train on Mondays. Now, I shall have to go farther afield. The father of fourteen children in the "dacha" opposite, who for forty years has been content to satisfy his sporting tastes by lying asleep in a boat and imagining that he is fishing for pike, has suddenly invested in an English cap and a cheap Belgian fowling-piece.

Poor Consolation

I do not mind his prowling about in the daytime. I have no objection to the cap that labels him a true "angleesky sportsman," but when after a mysterious shot in the middle of the night my prize rooster disappears I think it is time to draw the line. And in any case it is a poor consolation to be told next morning by this knock-kneed Nimrod's devoted spouse that her husband has realised the chief ambition of every Russian sportsman by bringing down a fine capercailzie! I make no mention of the football fiends nor of the roller-skating rinks and tango-halls that have broken in on the peace of our existence. I make no protest against the sudden invasion of English clothes and the disappearance of the picturesque Russian shirt. The gush of gratitude in the local press to England as the apostle of sport leaves me cold.

Russian Maidenhood

I am all against State interference. If a man chooses to commit suicide by playing football in tropical heat, let him die. But there is another side to this fever of energy. The women, too, have caught the infection. In former summers I could reasonably expect to find some half-dozen charming girls who wore sensible clothes, who were content to let themselves be rowed on the lake, and who regarded one as a hero for being able to row at all, who liked moonlight picnics and talked of Byron and the stars, and who were only too glad to be—everything that was womanly and charming. These days are gone for ever. The young Russian girl of to-day is a dashing creature who wears a short skirt, shows a goodly expanse of leg, and lavishes her adoration on her partner in the tennis doubles or on the big-chested goalkeeper of the local football eleven. She takes her tennis racket to bed with her, and she certainly cannot be persuaded to sit down for a single minute.

England's Fault

And when I think that it is England and her civilising (?) influence that has converted my Nadejda (anglicé Phyllis) of former years into a second-cousin twice removed of the English Suffra[illegible] and the High S[illegible], is kindled [illegible] country.

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE INTERNATIONAL GUN DOG LEAGUE TRIALS NEAR DOUGLAS, N.B.

These trials were recently held on the Netherton Moors, and in the picture above the field is seen following pointers and setters

The Correspondence Of Claude

ON GOING TO SCOTLAND FOR THE SHOOTING

My Dear Old Boy,—I've been meaning to write to you for some time, but what with the heat and the last days of summer (as lived in London) I've been feeling simply too sticky.

Everybody is clearing off now—to Scotland or "down home." The next fortnight or so is not a bad time to put in a few days quiet before going off visiting. Gardens are looking nice, and it's pleasant to lie about in a hammock, just at home by oneself, with no one to keep amused or notice what one wears. One just sleeps and eats and sleeps again and lets the sun wash London out of the system. Also, one has time to feel sentimental and consider who one really does love best. It's rather fun nursing up a "pash" when the loved one's far away.

Eustace went off to Scotland last night. I saw him off from King's Cross. He travelled by a thing they call "The Flying Scotsman," which leaves London at 7.55 p.m. and gets him up to Inverness next morning. He rather wisely chanced his luck on getting a bench to himself third-class, and took a return tourist ticket for £3 3*s*. If he had gone first with a sleeper he'd have had to pay £7 16*s*. 11*d*.—"some" difference!

I don't know whether it is best to go up North by day or night. Personally, if I was travelling third, I'd go by day. "The Flying Scotsman" is a most palatial train, and one can kill half the journey having lunch and tea and dinner. Also, if the train is crowded, one's fellow-travellers aren't half such a scourge by day as by night. Anything more miserable than spending the night in the centre of a third-class carriage, with someone each side bumping into one every time the train bumps and someone in front taking up all the leg room, I can't imagine. Travelling third or second doesn't always pay, but with the Great Northern it is possible to book one's seat ahead and more or less find out what one is in for.

Eustace was looking quite the part when he went off—a brand new light grey felt hat and an overcoat which every porter touched his hat to. A better coat I never want to see—light brown Jaeger, warm and comfortable as you like, and all the more homely for being a bit worn at the sleeves. These are the coats [illegible] with the autumn coming on. I saw a [illegible] al this year. They do well for [illegible] ing and [illegible] oring.

Watching Eustace collect his kit for going North these last few days has been an education to me. I never knew that an ordinary shooting-suit wouldn't do for deer-stalking—did you? But Eustace tells me that last year he went up with a couple of green creations that were all very well for grouse, but when he went on to stay with some people who had a forest, the stalker, when he turned out the next morning, nearly had a fit. Apparently one wants something light as dust, as the stag sees anything dark. Also, it is as well to have a good medium-weight cloth for stalking, as it's perishing cold at times up on the hills. Talking of the thicknesses of cloth, Eustace tells me he is taking up three shooting suits with him—one very thin one for hot days, he explains, one thick one for when it is cold, and a medium one in case either of the other two get wet. He is an organiser, is Eustace. Then shoes he's taking—not boots. He says the less weight on the feet the better, as it will be mostly walking. He's got the thickest, roughest stockings and something rather coy in tasselled garters.

From all accounts the shooting should be very good this year. There has been no grouse disease to speak of, and the moors have all let well. The letting of the moors is as good an indication of grouse prospects as anything else, and such as were going have all been taken at good figures practically without exception. There has been a good deal of "gapes" among the partridges, but, on the other hand, the heavy thunder storms we have been having have missed the large partridge areas. Hand-reared pheasants have done well.

Well, I'm going to clear out myself in a day or two for a little party beside the River Thames. I may go up to Scotland later—*Je n'en suis sure*—which means if pa pays the fare. August in London has its points. All sorts of funny sights are to be seen. People strolling down Bond Street in country clothes, not caring who sees them: others (caring quite a lot) dining together in restaurants.

"Well, fancy seeing *you* here," she says, as one surprises a couple having a little *tête-à-tête* dinner together; "isn't it too ridiculous, Mr. Perkyns and I both happened to be passing through Town together to-night and ran in to each other at the door of this place——." (Swish!) Well, good-bye,

Yours ever, Claude.

"Och Aye!"

SCOTCH GENTLEMAN *(who has tasted champagne for the first time in his life)*: "French meeneral watters are awfu' lowerin'."

THE BYSTANDER AMONG . . . THE BOOKS . . .

BY RALPH STRAUS

That New East

The average Britisher knows very little about the Near East, in spite of the columns which zealous correspondents continue to send home from the various capitals. If, moreover, you meet an Englishman who has really spent years of his life in Turkey, Greece, or the adjacent countries, you will generally find him almost as biassed as those with whom he has been living. In this cold country of ours—England, I mean—people seem to be incapable of realising that passionate hatred of one's neighbours (or to put it more politely, that passionate love of one's fatherland) which in the Near East is so often getting everybody into very hot water. Of late, of course, there has been more than the usual number of books on the Balkans, but most of these have confined themselves to the recent wars, and even in those where the wars take a secondary place there has been small mention of Greece.

Greek v. Turk

What the feelings are of those Greeks who all involuntarily have been living for some time under Turkish rule, appears very clearly in a somewhat unusual and most interesting book, *A Child of the Orient* (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). The writer is Demetra Vaka, and her book, I presume, is to be taken as an autobiography. (If there be imaginative decorations, that does not matter.) Demetra Vaka was brought up to look on the Turks as her natural enemies, but that did not prevent her from making great friends of many of them. And seen through her eyes, they certainly emerge as exceedingly agreeable people. The authoress was always fond of "adventures," and succeeded in obtaining her full share of them. Her chapters make very good reading, and quite possibly will give you a better insight into the Turkish character than will many a more ambitious production. The final chapters are not altogether unexpected. Demetra Vaka migrated to America, and taught French and Greek in New York, where, presumably, she is living to-day. She is, in that respect, only one of many. East is East, of course, but there seems to be a considerable breaking down of things—amongst those of the East who come Westwards, like Demetra Vaka, for their education. (What a lot education has to answer for!)

DEMETRA VAKA

Whose new book, "A Child of the Orient," has just been published by John Lane (7s. 6d. net) and is reviewed on this page

Spain

Coming Westwards ourselves, we have another book on that most fascinating country, Spain, which [illegible] little or nothing at all, where there is a picturesque, but really hard-working, monarch, who is occasionally photographed for the British Press, and where the bull-fights continue to please the populace in spite of foreign disgust and—according to Mrs. Bernhard Whishaw in *My Spanish Year* (Mills and Boon: 10*s.* 6*d.* net)—a lessening enthusiasm among the Spanish middle-classes. The Spaniard, we always knew, was a polite individual. To Mrs. Whishaw he has been exceedingly polite, sometimes embarrassingly polite. His habits and customs are not always to the British taste, but he is almost invariably picturesque, and Mrs. Whishaw has got what we may call the appreciative eye. Her archæological interests seem occasionally to have bewildered the natives, but she has endeared herself to them in more ways than one, and her book is at once "entertaining and instructive," as headmasters have a habit of saying after an evening lecture in the school-hall.

"The Jam-Queen"

In *The Jam-Queen* (Methuen: 6*s.*) Miss Netta Syrett, in most playful mood, introduces you to a very wonderful old lady, a great "charactah," as she herself would say, in Mrs. Quilter, who has pots, or, rather, jampots, of money (Miss Syrett's joke, not mine), various nephews, and a wonderful vocabulary. The nephews show some signs of marrying themselves to the wrong young ladies, a fact of which Mrs. Quilter is not wholly ignorant; and it is due to her diplomacy that things right themselves at the finish. The plot itself carries your interest, but it is the characters themselves which please most of all. There is a light touch over the whole book which comes, as it were, in agreeable contrast to the ponderous lucubrations—how she would have loved the word!—of Mrs. Quilter. Nephew Gerald has some amusing things to say, and Nephew Frederick is typical of the new type of criminal altruist. I commend Aunt Mary to the Suffragists. But how did Miss Mallowfield's father lose his peerage? He starts as a lord, but ends up as a baronet, which is rather hard luck on him. *The Jam-Queen* is a most cheery summer book.

RALPH STRAUS

On Advertising

What the authors of *Advertising and Progress* recently published by the *Review of Reviews*, Kingsway, W.C., do not know about their subject cannot really be worth troubling about. Moreover, Mr. E. S. Hole and Mr. John Hart have succeeded in making what might have been a rather dull business treatise most entertaining reading. One hears a great deal in these days of the so-called "waste of advertising." Messrs. Hole and Hart have set out to prove that advertising is the cheapest and most effective form of selling—and they have done it very well.

BUCHANAN'S
SCOTCH WHISKIES

No. 2: Second Dickens Series *TONY WELLER* —*"Pickwick Papers."*

James Buchanan & Co., Ltd., with their subsidiary companies, hold the LARGEST STOCKS OF WHISKY maturing in Bond in Scotland, and are thus able to guarantee the continued excellence of their brands.

"RED SEAL"	"BLACK & WHITE"	"ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" (An Extra Special Blend of Choice Old Whiskies,)
48/- per doz.	54/- per doz.	60/- per doz.

NOTE.—A beautiful reproduction in colours of the above picture will be sent to any customers and friends upon receipt of three stamps (to cover postage and packing) on application to the Head Offices, 26, Holborn, Lo[illegible]

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WEATHERPROOF DRESS

WHETHER for the moors, for yachting, for the links, or for everyday country life, is distinguished by many ingenious inventions which combine perfect protection with inimitable grace and ease.

BURBERRY models are airylight and cool in hot weather, yet owing to the materials being proofed by Burberrys, they provide efficient security should the radiant summer morning be eclipsed by a wet and stormy afternoon.

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Made in exquisite Cloths with colourings blended to harmonise with rock and heather. Designed by famous game-shots, it ensures the freedom essential to quick and accurate shooting.

COATS AND GOWNS CLEANED by Burberrys are returned practically as good as new. All Weatherproof garments Proofed by the Burberry Process. Price List on application.

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Shoes for Ladies

The Shoes that are Dainty and Durable too.

The Shoe illustrated is made of pliable patent coltskin. It is made on the handsewn principle.

Booklet and name of nearest Agent free from

NORVIC Shoe Co., (Howlett & White, Ltd.), NORWICH.

N 60. Cash Price 16/6

Sessel Pearls

are perfect reproductions. Made by a secret process which imparts the sheen, delicacy of tone, and durability of the finest Oriental pearls. No pearl will stand more tests than ours, and we offer one hundred guineas to anyone who will show us a more perfect duplicate of the real pearl.

Inflated prices on the one hand, and, on the other, cheap imitations possessing none of the distinction and purity of the Sessel Pearl, should be avoided.

Brochure No. 7 on request, post free. Special attention paid to post orders.

Beautiful Collar of "Sessel" Pearls with Plain Gold Clasp £4 4 0

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(late Managing Director **TERISA**),
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1/- and 2/6 per pair

You'll feel safe about the looks of your hose—snug, smooth, comfortable—if you wear

PARIS GARTERS
No metal can touch you

The wholesale supplied by

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A. Stein & Co., Makers, Chicago, U. S. A.

"Motoring came in as a smart amusement, adventurous, with, somehow, a hint of naughtiness"

THE ATTRACTIVE SIMPLICITY OF PRESENT-DAY MOTORING COSTUME

By "EFEMERA"

"Any Old Thing Will Do"

THERE have been many changes of fashion during the past ten years, but none more noticeable than the transformation of travelling and outdoor dress. Not so very long ago the average Englishwoman, whether from a mistaken sense of duty, carelessness, or motives of economy, made of herself an object calculated to inspire terror and contempt in equal proportions. "Any old thing will do," appeared to be her motto, and she acted upon it with painstaking thoroughness. Her skirt dragged at the waistband, trailed behind, hiked up in front, displaying capacious and down-at-heel boots; an elderly mackintosh draped the deficiencies of her blouse, and a weatherbeaten hat perched drearily atop of an unæsthetic bun confined in a sturdy net. Then came the motor-car, and an amazing change.

The "Golliwogs"

Motoring came in as a smart amusement, adventurous, with, somehow, a hint of naughtiness. As such, it demanded a special and distinctive costume. In those days the women who motored were strange, dashing creatures, and the dress they evolved was, to the

Photographs

"There is an instinctive suitability of co-

Photograph] "We have ceased making of ourselves shapeless bundles with protruding crabs' eyes" [*Talma*

conventional dowdy person, as weird and terrifying as themselves. Who does not recall the jeering interest aroused in the lobby of an hotel by the arrival of a party of motorists? People nudged each other, and stared at the shapeless garments of shaggy fur, the sponge-bag caps, the double veils, and protruding goggles, which might appropriately have adorned an Arctic explorer's expedition. It was the proper thing for a woman to make herself into an unrecognisable guy, and we cheerfully did so. We put on as many coats as a Spanish onion, tied up our head in chiffon meal-sacks, and complacently gloried in our resemblance to outandish hobgoblins.

The Two Extremes

When some daring spirit discovered that suffocation was not a necessary accompaniment to motoring, that pneumonia was not the penalty for replacing the hearthrug-coat by a becoming wrap. After all, no woman [illegible] to know herself a guy. We were almost as prompt in discarding the golliwog costume as in taking it up. Of course, it has its uses in cold weather, and there will always be some who once having brought themselves to adopt it, will cling until parted from it by death or dismemberment. Once a golliwog, always a golliwog—the true spirit of conservatism.

On the other hand, those who regard motoring with the contempt bred of unfamiliarity rush to the opposite extreme. There is an instinctive suitability of costume to be attained only by experience and good taste. Your true motorist will never sin in the direction of diaphanous frocks, flower or feather-laden headgear or hatless, dusty hair.

Suitability of Costume

The one abiding rule in the matter of dressing is suitability. However pretty and becoming a toilette may be, unless it is appropriate to the occasion the wearer cannot by any canon of good taste be considered well-dressed. There are pitfalls in elaborateness, pitfalls in simplicity. Details count: an ill-considered hat, girdle, or shoe is quite enough to upset any scheme.

The Casualness of the Age

Because we have ceased making of ourselves shapeless bundles with protruding crab's eyes is no reason why we should, with reckless abandon, hurl ourselves to the opposite extreme. The naïve snobbishness of the motorless which led them into excesses of motoritic attire is aptly counterbalanced by the more modern swank of those who would appear to treat a means of conveyance with the informal disdain due to a garden seat. Even in the ancient carriage days we had ideas as to correctness of dress when driving. Of course, casualness is the keynote of the age. Presently, no doubt, we shall be treated to authentic photographs of ladies aeroplaning in ruffled petticoats and boudoir caps. . . . EFEMERA

Shopping Notes

BY MRS. JACK MAY

Sports Clothes

THE Englishwoman, the typical well-bred sort, certainly comes into her own with the advent of sports clothes. There is no one to touch her in the wear of a severely built homespun or rough tweed suit, although the American, if it were not for a certain rigidity, runs her a close second. But the Parisian *vraie élégante* is for once left a long way behind. Not for her smart, essentially feminine personality is the correct sport suit, as it is understood by the English tailor. She lacks the certain boyish mien and swing of the English woman, accustomed to negotiate heather-clad lands and stubble fields.

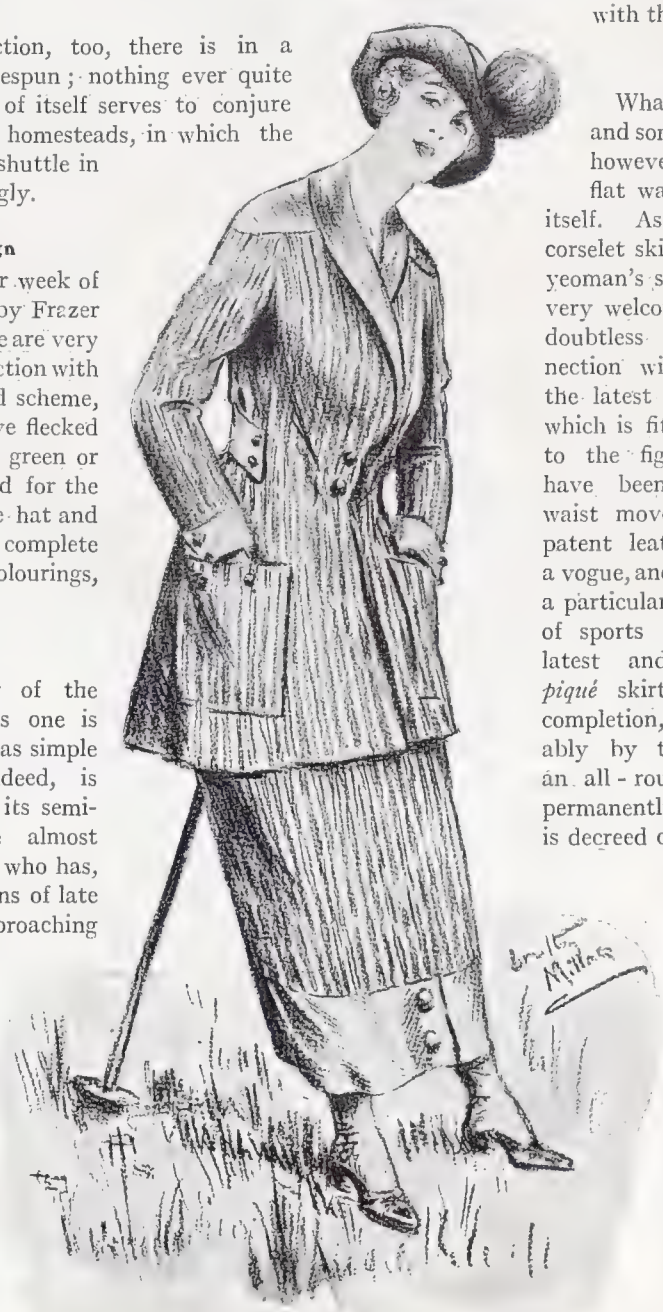
What a subtle attraction, too, there is in a genuine peat-smelling homespun; nothing ever quite eradicates the odour, that of itself serves to conjure up visions of quaint old homesteads, in which the sound of the throw of the shuttle in the loom goes on unceasingly.

An Original Design

I was speaking the other week of some homespuns produced by Frazer and Co., of Perth, and these are very much in my mind in connection with the accompanying pictured scheme, especially a heather mauve flecked with green, when either a green or mauve suède could be used for the facings. With green suède hat and gaiters this would make a complete change from the Lovat colourings, crottel, browns, etc.

Attractive Cut

As with the majority of the season's sports coats, this one is appreciably longer, but is as simple as simple. The cut, indeed, is singularly attractive, with its semi-free lines, and will be almost irresistible to the woman who has, despite the formless fashions of late in which anything approaching an indication of a waist has been taboo, preserved her figure. The mammoth square patch pockets, too, lend a particular cachet to the scheme, and in like measure the great silk pompon in the suède hat, these are both, to my mind, inspired details, the result of sure knowledge and experience of what will prove effective and be at the same time in sympathetic harmony with environment chiefly pictured the other side of the Tweed.



AN ORIGINAL SPORTS COAT

In heather mauve, flecked with green, or with mauve suède facings. The cut is a very attractive one, with its semi-free lines, and the large square pockets lend a peculiar "cachet" to the scheme

(SKETCHED BY DOROTHY MILLAR)

Sports Skirts

It is indescribable the sense of well-being a perfectly turned-out suit of this description bestows on some women, and I make bold to say an English tailor is alone capable of building one. Without any apparent effort and a quiet avoidance of the slightest catchy extravagance, they pursue the work on certain given lines that have yet an elasticity which accounts for the variety of expressions achieved. It has been agreed among the fraternity not to abandon the straight-cut skirt as yet. But a very short experience of the ugly and unpracticable nipped-in back has sufficed, and the freer, albeit straight, appearance is alone recognised with the tailors that count.

An Innovation

What will be a big feature and something of an innovation, however, is the extremely deep flat waist belt of the material itself. As an alternative to the corselet skirt, which has done such yeoman's service, this should prove very welcome. A similar idea has doubtless been observed in connection with the *godet* tunic, and the latest edition of the Magyar, which is fitted much more closely to the figure. Also, indications have been given of this deep waist movement in the soft wide patent leather belt; it is quite a vogue, and one that seems to have a particular affinity with any species of sports skirt. Many of the latest and smartest linen and *piqué* skirts boast such a waist completion, and gain immeasurably by the addition, or failing an all-round belt, a semi affair permanently adjusted at the back, is decreed of similar depth.

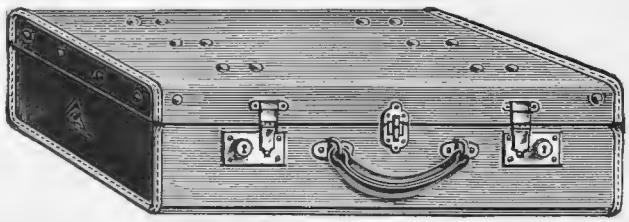
A Summer Madness for White Hats

With the latter-day vogue for working up a fancy to fever-point, it is not at all surprising to find the all-white hat riding confidently on the crest of the wave. Indeed, but for the all-black hat with velvet crown and transparent brim, it might, indeed, be said to be carrying all before it; anyway, for morning and ordinary occasions it may be said to be doing so. The plain white *piqué canotier*, the crown subtly higher than

usual and just a trifle shaped, looks particularly *chic*, tilted over the face at an angle. To a heavy serge gown, a white *piqué canotier* gives just the right finish ; the one positively seems to ask for the other. Or with the stereotyped holiday morning suit, comprising washing shirt, skirt, and some bright coloured woven silk jersey, this same *chapeau blanche* is equally pleasing.

A Fascinating Example

Then for afternoon and more dressy wear there is a very bewilderment of enchanting choice in capelines, entirely composed of *mousseline de soie*. A fascinating example was arranged with a high *pouf* crown falling over to one side, and closely draped to a great depth with fold upon fold of the *mousseline*, caught at the one side by a large full-blown white Drousky rose. The brim was broader one side than the other, and slightly undulated everywhere. Other white capelines are of strained white *tulle*, the firm brim, however, softened by shaped *volants* of the *tulle*, the edges just lightly whipped over *picot* fashion. A small hat or toque of white aerophane I thought conspicuously successful and original, was trimmed with great wings shaped like petals of the transparency set up erect in front, and at the back a curious wide *plissé* wing, like the leaf of a water lily. Then another fetching idea is the trimming of a small black or navy straw shape with white linen foliage, very delicately handled and treated, so that one has to look twice to be satisfied that fine linen only is the medium.



A USEFUL VISITING CASE

A high-class and highly-finished compressed cane trunk, in four sizes as made for ladies, and in two for gentlemen, at prices ranging from 31s. 9d. to 42s. Obtainable at Messrs. Shoolbreds, Tottenham Court Rd.

Special Values at Shoolbreds

The Tottenham House firm seem intent on surpassing all previous efforts in the leather department. For close on the heels of one if not the most practical motoring bags ever brought out they are again asking us to weigh the value of some compressed cane and light canvas visiting cases. And assuredly those in need of such, before going elsewhere, should pay a visit to Shoolbreds.

There is, for example, the visiting case, of which we give an illustration, a high-class, highly finished compressed cane trunk that ranges through the customary four sizes, commencing 24in. by 15in. by 7½in., weight 9½lb., priced at 34*s.* 9*d.*, to 30in. by 17in. by 8in., 12lb. weight, 42*s.*; while for gentlemen's suit-cases a similar style is supplied with one lock and two clasps, in two sizes, 20in. by 14in. by 6½in. and 22in. by 14in. by 7in. respectively, costing 31*s.* 9*d.* and 32*s.* 6*d.*

Shoolbreds have likewise some tempting offers in ladies three-ply canvas visiting cases, in a light green shade. These are fitted with metal frames and two locks, and are ideal for Continental travelling, being at once strong and light, which renders the top price, 30*s.*, somewhat remarkable. But whatever the authorities at Shoolbreds set their hand to do they do thoroughly.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

MALTED BARLEY, WHEAT AND MILK.

Shakespeare's Seven Ages of Man

No. 2.

The Schoolboy.

"Then the . . . . Schoolboy
with his satchel,
And shining morning face,
creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school."

From "*As You Like It.*"
Act II., Scene 7.

The bright, smiling face of Shakespeare's Schoolboy is surely indicative of healthy, robust development. There is no more pleasing picture than a strong, high-spirited child, happy because he is well, and to-day, as in Shakespeare's time, full nourishment is the secret.

A GLASS OF HORLICK'S BEFORE STARTING TO SCHOOL, is the best "send-off" the boy or girl can have. It contains the unrivalled nutrition of rich milk and choice malted barley and wheat, which are exceedingly rich in all the necessary bone and flesh-forming elements. It is the best supplementary diet for growing children as it supplies just that extra nourishment which makes all the difference, in a light, palatable form, and children thrive on it.

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Also available in Tablet form as delicious food confections to be dissolved in the mouth. Horlick's Tablets are the very best lunch for school children.

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Price including Tie, **12/9.** In Ivory or Stripe Viyella, **8/11.**

No. 2BB. TAILOR CUT SHIRT with Raglan Sleeve piped and full Front, fitted with newest roll Collar. In All Ivory and Various Coloured Stripes. Sizes 13 to 14½.
Price **14/11** post free.

NEW VIYELLA STRIPED SPORTS SHIRTS for Autumn Now Ready.
Prices from **7/11** post free.

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Latest Novelty—

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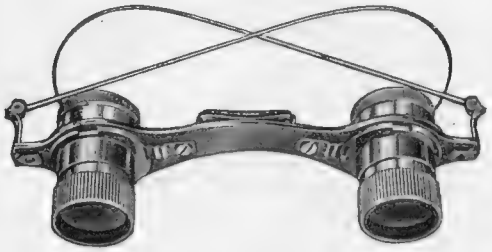
SPECTACLE-OPERA-GLASS.



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Pamphlet, "Infant Feeding and Management," sent free.

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Lean on it—rely on it in 100 troubles and emergencies. For skin affections—for cultivating a beautiful complexion, the old friend

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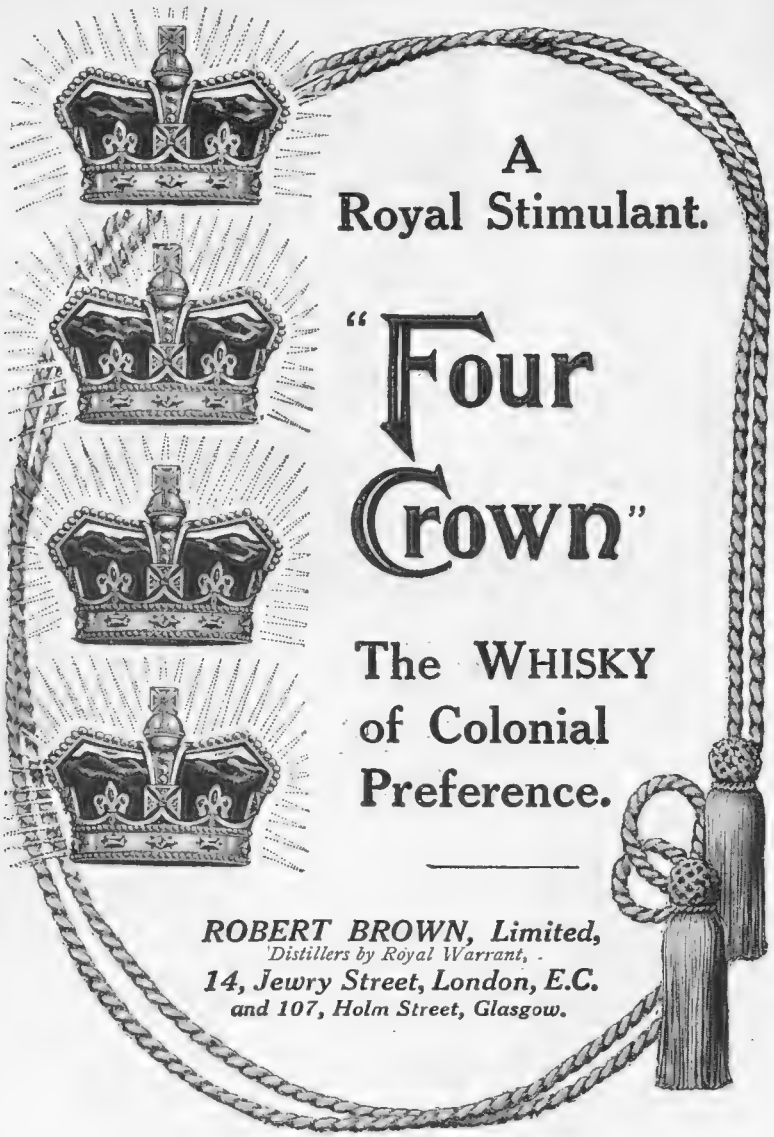

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AUVERGNE

the country of dead volcanoes, for your summer holidays. It will mean for you a *different* mountain scenery, made very enjoyable by excellent motor-car services along the ROUTE THERMALE D'AUVERGNE, through Vichy, Royat, Châtel-Guyon, St. Nectaire, etc.

Special 25-day Excursions will leave London on August 29th.

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ABSOLUTELY! No more messy bother taking one's safety razor apart to clean and dry it. As soon as I have done shaving I put it—just as it is—into the

BRYTSTELE RAZOR BATH

and out it comes next time I want it clean, antiseptic, bright and sharp. Brytstele prevents rust, and saves stropping too!
Stocked by the leading Stores, Ironmongers and Chemists.

COMPLETE 1/6 OUTFIT.

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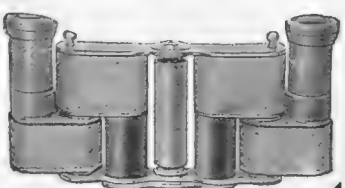
The Pearl of Lago Maggiore.
GRAND HOTEL High-class yet very moderate.
English clientele—exquisite situation—all sports—tariff free. Venez y vous y reviendrez.

Brissago is the spot chosen by Mr. H. G. Wells in his last book, "The World Set Free" for the final world peace in 1959.

The "Folding Minim" Prism Binocular



is unique. It opens flat, as illustrated, and slips into a pocket. It is excellently suited for all-round use, and is never "left-at-home." A full description is given in our Illustrated List—sent free on request.

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WEST CLIFF HOTEL
LEADING FAMILY HOTEL
TERMS MODERATE

Onoto Pen
The Self-filling Safety Fountain

The Bystander

SPORTING COMMENTS

Photograph *Pictorial Press*

CHANGING ENDS IN THE GRAND NATIONAL ARCHERY MEETING AT CAMBRIDGE

Where it was held last week for the first time, on the University Cricket Ground

CRICKET

A Public School Week

PUBLIC school cricket has entirely dominated Lord's for the last ten days. Last week there were the matches between Clifton and Tonbridge, Rugby and Marlborough, and Cheltenham and Haileybury, and this week's programme includes a game between the elevens chosen from the various schools (those who play at Lord's *v.* the Rest), and one in which a selected school eleven plays the M.C.C. This unusual measure of prominence in the limelight has led one not unnaturally to consider, in the light of recent happenings and of the newest developments in sport, the great question—which until quite lately most people would have thought themselves rather venturesome to broach at all—of the value and advantages, or otherwise, of cricket as a school game.

***

Unassailable?

Of course, there are even now men, mostly in the forties or upwards, who still regard cricket as a game which can do no wrong, and who treat it in the way so many people do their religion—as something so sacred and so loftily unassailable that it's unnecessary, and, in fact, if anything rather disrespectful, to attempt any sort of logical or even articulate defence of it to those who have the audacity to ask questions on the subject. But they're getting rather back numbers, these. Most of us, I really believe, think more about our games nowadays and how and why we play them.

***

What Cricket Demands

In many ways cricket is a game admirably adapted for schools, and, in fact, suited more to them than to any other department of life or stage of one's existence. It demands a great deal of leisure time—which is thoughtfully provided for one at all decent schools—develops quick thinking, and to a large extent teaches the virtue of co-operation, though on the last its advocates are rather inclined to dwell a bit too heavily. After all, English schoolboys need to be taught individuality far more than the perfect discipline and obedience which in the immature so often only comes to mean lack of character. But the great flaw in cricket as a school game, or, rather, as the school game—I mean as the universal, compulsory, all-devouring element they've made it—is one that has been to some extent dealt with in recent correspondence in the *Times*, namely, the need of first-rate coaching, if one is to make any sort of show at all.

Photograph *L. N. A.*

THE ALUMINIUM PUNT POLE

And F. C. Covell, who used it to win the Amateur Punting Championship at Shepperton—a first-rate advertisement for this novelty in river implements

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The Need of Coaching

This particular discussion has been centred round the matter of coaching at a public school, but the real trouble begins earlier. Everyone knows who's tried that unless a boy has had some good cricket teaching before he goes to a public school he is extremely unlikely to get it there. Cricket masters don't deal in the raw material; even if they had the inclination they've hardly got the time to start at the alphabet with the keenest of pupils. A boy must get himself noticed before he can get coaching; it's everyone for himself and the devil take the hindmost. Therefore, if a boy wants to be any good as a public school cricketer — and cricket is the game above all others that it's poor fun to play

badly—he absolutely must select a parent or guardian who will realise the necessity of starting his cricket tuition simultaneously with his first pair of trousers. And so many boys neglect this essential precaution.

***

Lack of Alternatives

Unfortunately, just to this very game, played at the time of year when it is most important that boys should have some form of absorbing physical exercise, there are, thanks to the fetish which has grown up about it, extraordinarily few alternatives provided. The result is that a number of boys play cricket who have no aptitude for it, but might be doing well in other games, and other boys, past the age of compulsion, provide, in their idleness, a promising field for the activities of the gentleman I have diffidently mentioned above. In the rest of the year there are alternatives to football—fives, racquets, etc., and in the Easter term athletics. But in the summer term court games are "off," and cricket positively tyrannises.

***

LAWN TENNIS

Will It Reach the Schools?

Fortunate is the school that possesses a river—but that's a bit of luck by no means general. Lawn tennis is the obvious alternative, but schoolmasters are not the most broad-minded of people—how should they be?—and in the big schools they continue to bar "pat-ball," as they still call it. But, all unknown to them, perhaps, things have moved on prodigiously in the last few years. For the first time in its career lawn tennis has established its position, not only in Hampstead or Surbiton, but in Mayfair. And it is quite possible that before long its claims, once ignored, will be discovered, in the light of the new development, to be at least worthy of consideration.

Photograph *Sport and General*

E. D. YENCKEN

One of the most promising of the younger players, who, with his brother, A. F., won a fine surprise victory over F. G. Lowe and S. M. Jacob in the doubles final at the Frinton Tournament

Holiday Tournaments

The increase in the number of August and September tournaments—there are about a score of them in this opening week of school holidays, at Bournemouth, St. Leonards, Saxmundham, Hunstanton, and elsewhere, and about half-a-hundred more before they close—may well tend to foster the chances of lawn tennis as a prospective part of the public school programme, as it certainly points to its utility as a game that may be followed up out of school as well as in. And for the player of riper years these holiday tournaments are in many ways the most enjoyable of the whole year. They attract a larger number of "rabbits," it's true, than those which are held in the more generally working months, but I don't know that they're any the worse for that.

***

No Pot-Hunters Required

Certainly it doesn't do the entry fees of a meeting any harm when it is known that a number of inferior players are likely to go in for it; quite the contrary. And in the smaller tournaments, at any rate, it seems to me a positively suicidal policy for the executive to strain every nerve, as they sometimes do, to "rope in" some pot-hunter with a big name. It frightens off a good many possible competitors, while at these minor tournaments the "gate," which may be a consideration elsewhere, is never a big enough item to be worth worrying about. It may give the meeting a certain amount of advertisement, but it's one that's very heavily paid for. F. L. M. D.

RACING: Goodwood and Brighton. BY CARBINE

A Memorable Dead Heat

In writing on the prospects of the Stewards' Cup in these pages I predicted the success of Golden Sun or Castellan. This was fairly shrewd tipping, seeing that Golden Sun made a dead-heat with Lord Annandale, while Castellan dropped back only in the last few strides, and was beaten by a neck. If the race were to be run over again I hardly know which would win. It seemed to me that all three were the victims of a little ill-luck. Castellan was certainly bumped in the last fifty yards, but, unfortunately for the chances of the objection which his jockey subsequently lodged, the trouble was caused not by either of the dead-heaters, but mainly by Fancy Nurse. Anyway, the struggle was one to be remembered, and the majority of backers had something to draw after the race.

A Successful Meeting

In spite of the fact that the tension on the Continent had reached breaking-point and that things were worse on the Stock Exchange than they had been for forty years, the crowd at Goodwood was surprisingly large. The tendency naturally is for motor-cars to increase in number every year, and certainly I never remember to have seen nearly so many cars as climbed to the glorious Sussex plateau last week. Of course, the absence of Royalty was much regretted, but socially this delightful meeting was as much of a success as ever. On the second day Harmonicon put up a very great performance in the King George Stakes, though he only just scrambled home under his big weight from Flying Orb. Perhaps it was just as well, for the backers of Lord Annandale and Golden Sun that Flying Orb was not brought out for the Stewards' Cup, otherwise Mr. George Edwardes's colt must have come very near to winning that handicap.

Brighton and Lewes

Meetings of the week are at Brighton and Lewes. They are not of a particularly important character, but are sure to provide some pleasant racing. I shall not be surprised to see the Berwick Handicap on Wednesday won by **Simon Mac**, while on the following day **Bay Marie** or **Achtoi** should win the Brookside Plate for Mr. Mortimer Singer. One of the best races of the week will be the Lewes Handicap on Saturday. I am writing these notes before the declaration of forfeit, but it seems to me that **Wavelet's Boy** has a very fair chance. He ran extremely well for a long way in the Goodwood Plate last week.

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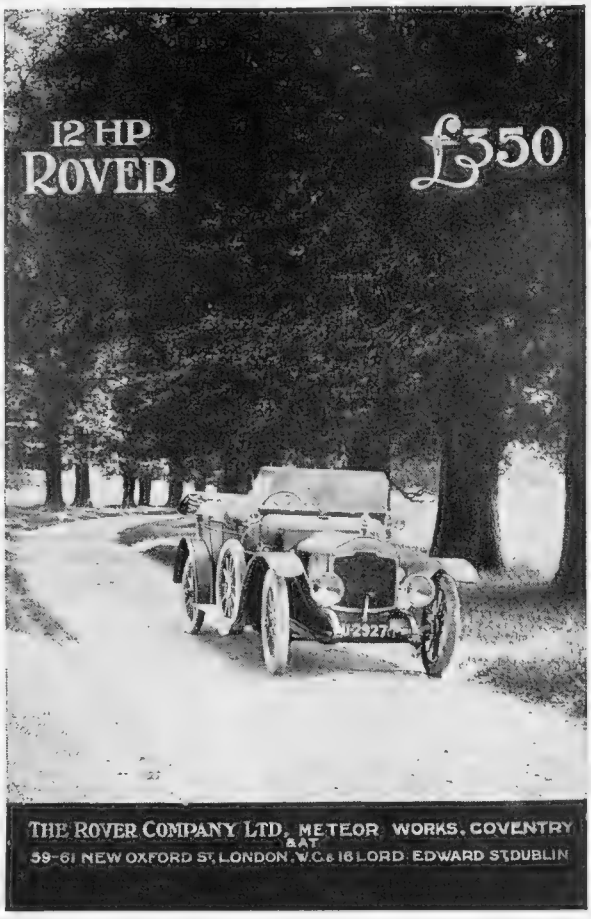

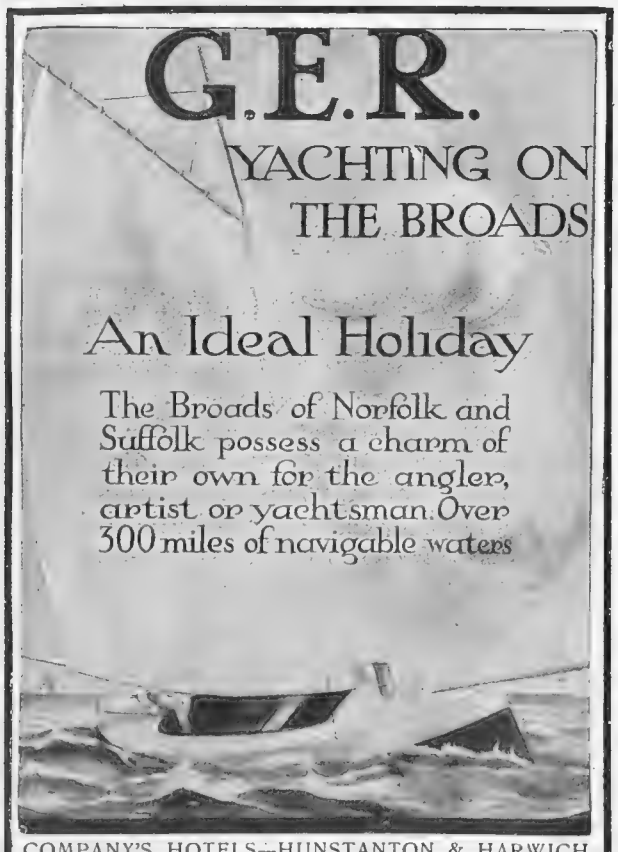

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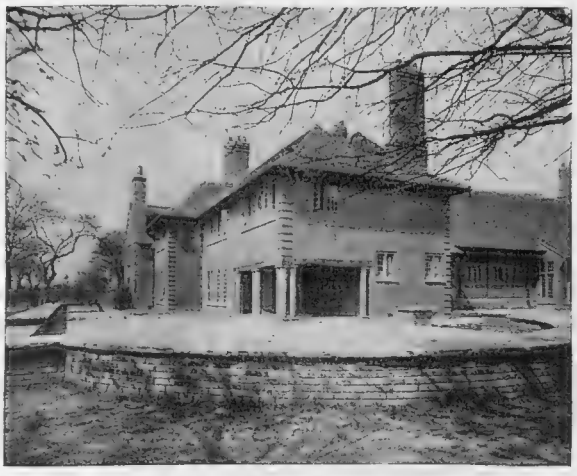

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SOMERSET.—To be LET, FURNISHED, for the Season, shooting over 2,500 acres, attractive old-fashioned RESIDENCE, 400 ft. up, South aspect, containing: 6 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms; stabling, garage for 6 cars; pretty grounds; excellent water; lighted by gas. Photos and further particulars of WILSON and GRAY.

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FOR SALE.—One of the most delightful Properties of its size in the market at the present time.

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12 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, stabling, garage, fine old barns, 4 cottages. Gravel soil. South aspect.

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Superb position, over 600ft. above sea level, with glorious views.

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FOR SALE, A BEAUTIFUL REPLICA OF AN OLD

SUSSEX MANOR HOUSE.

All modern conveniences; electric light, radiators, etc.; lounge, 4 reception rooms, 13 bedrooms, bathroom, complete offices, old farmhouse, 2 cottages; well-timbered grounds of 16½ acres, practically surrounded by the Forest.—Full particulars of the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W. Inspected and recommended.

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In a beautiful position, close to the river with right of access to private landing stage.

Close to G.W.R. station with a fast train service.

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A place of great interest on the Southern slopes of the Quantocks, 2½ hours rail from London.

A SHOW PLACE FOR SALE, within its delightful Park, and containing 16 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, hall and fine suite of reception rooms, etc.; electric light, good water supply; excellent outbuildings and 6 cottages. The feature of the place is the wonderful gardens with an unrivalled collection of flowering and other shrubs, and also a huge natural rock and water garden. The park and grounds cover an area of about 70 acres, and full particulars may be obtained from WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W., and at Yeovil. Inspected and highly recommended.

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FOR SALE AT A LOW PRICE, a PERFECTLY APPOINTED MODERN HOUSE, with 3½ ACRES OF FINELY TIMBERED GROUNDS. Large sitting hall, 2 fine reception rooms, complete domestic offices, 14 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, wide verandahs and balconies.

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SURREY (within 2 miles of a main line station, and only 35 minutes from London).—To be SOLD, ONE OF THE MOST PERFECT MODERATE-SIZED HOUSES in the county, well away from road and surrounded by

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KENT (lovely Hawkhurst District).—To be LET, Unfurnished, an Attractive COUNTRY RESIDENCE, standing in

BEAUTIFULLY-TIMBERED PLEASURE GROUNDS OF 12 OR MORE ACRES.

5 reception rooms, 14 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, servants' hall, housekeeper's room; ample stabling and motor garage.

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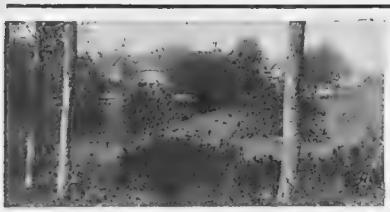

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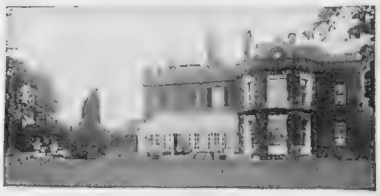

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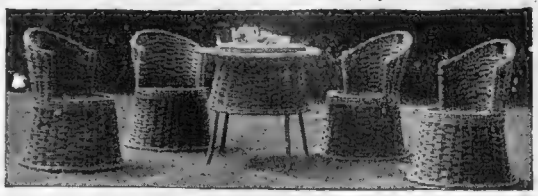

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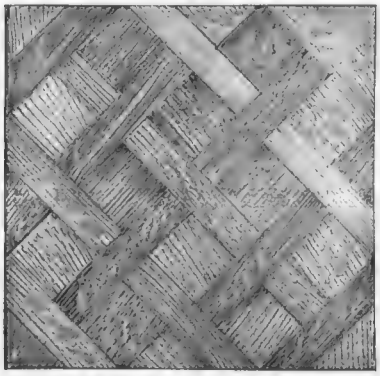

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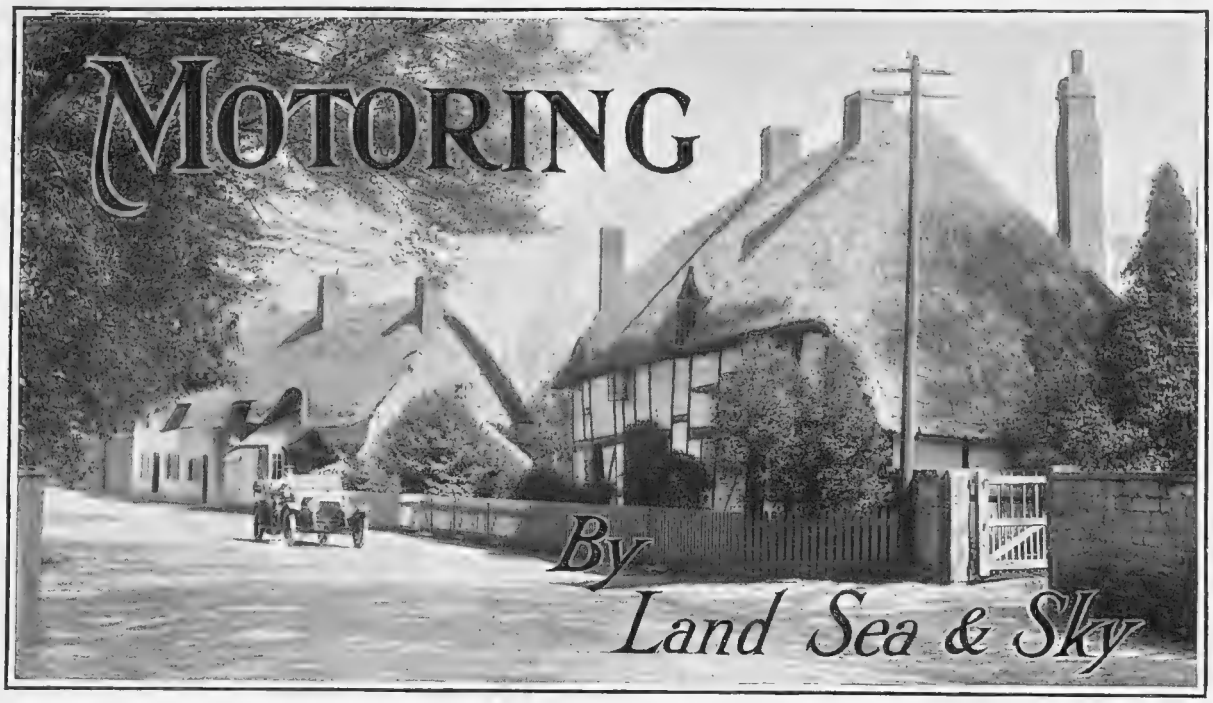


EN ROUTE FOR EVESHAM: A DAIMLER CAR IN PICTURESQUE WORCESTERSHIRE

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

A Plea for Forgiveness

MAY the fount of all forgiveness overflow to the need of one, Major Harvey Jarvis. By what warrant does he come between the wind and this slave of the wheel of labour? Why should a Nomad with a Blick typewriter be allowed to divert me from the struggle for the bread that perisheth, to revive my wanderlust and [illegible] my horizon with hills and the sea, when by all the laws of livelihood I should be thinking in gear-boxes and the play of the differential? I call for the law against Major Harvey Jarvis. The King's peace has been disturbed for one lawful citizen, the spirit of unrest aroused, and I, as sober and quiet-minded a man as ever took a car wheel or spoilt a sheet of paper, am sprawling in a kindly hollow with a pipe of special fragrance, watching the lazy flight of torpedo-bodied gulls over the white horses running on the green-blue of immeasurable waters.

***

By the Sea

The car that brought me, browses lower down the slope in the angle of a hedge and a great stone wall with the white sails of the sleeping tent for company. Beyond, the mate runs shameless along the edge of a yellow strand just where the water meets it, and Rags the Skye, a bundle of delirious hair, yelps delight as he chases after. Therefore, I call for the summary suppression of Major Harvey Jarvis, who has forced this thing upon me here in the stir and stink of Long Acre, and has broken in upon my methodical copy churning even to the drowning of the raucous voice of the master-printer cursing my procrastination while the printing presses wait.

Motor Camping

He did it without intent, this man of war, who has come at last to the pleasant by-ways of peace. A notorious Nomad, he is given to writing his experiences for the envy of those (and others) to whom the exact crease of the trousers is a very material matter, or who flay the healthy desire for the motor camping tour before the high altar of the spring bed and the valet. This time Major Jarvis sets out the detail of his equipment, but whether to rob the adventure of what may, to the uninitiated, be stings and uncomfortable deterents, I know not. I am only amazed at the mountainous impedimenta which the Major carries around on his 15-18 h.p. Buick, bought, as he says, because he heard that the model had climbed the Andes. Buckets and a bath, stools, a lounge chair, tables, a couple of Primus stoves, a typewriter, beds—beds, the Sybarite!—and a host of other things apart from a huge three-compartment tent—who with a dying tinge of frontier blood and the most emaciated wanderlust would be ready to boggle at the "hardships" of such a luxurious form of roughing it? We whose camping experiences started with a cycle and the mare according to Shanks must survey the details of Major Jarvis's outfit with dismay. And I incline to the regard of him as a traitor to the cause until—" Such is our kit and such our way of carrying it; by next year we shall doubtless have made further alterations, perchance additions, or, maybe, we shall

THE EARL OF HARDWICKE IN HIS HUMBERETTE
A 1914 model recently supplied to him by Humber Ltd., Coventry

be footing it with a haversack apiece" —and by those presents I know him for the true camper, and hail him accordingly.

***

The Question of Equipment

Car-camping, with all the storage room you may find on quite a small car—than this, surely there is no more joyous and healthful form of holiday-making—if you are built that way. To escape from the conventional dress of cities, to break with routine and the workaday habits, to lose your watch and be content with the sun for timepiece and a calendar to keep you posted on the passing of the days, directions so long as it brings you to great open spaces, to cut adrift from the cant of political things and with a congenial mate, a book or two and a canister of tobacco to follow your whim—above all, to do it on the back of a car without need to worry about a few pounds of extra weight, as we had to worry when we took our house with us on a bicycle we had to pedal, or on a shoulder none too broad for the purpose, this, in tolerable weather, is at least to skirt Arcady, haply to penetrate it. The first night or two may keep you awake by its strangeness, more likely by the dread of crawling to go out mapless and indifferent to things and the secret noises that break the silence eerily to townsman ears; but even then, to rouse with the tonic freshness of the dawn, and suddenly to hear the earth awake to life and song, that is to know an uplifting of the soul such as, way back in the memories of childhood, you may recall as an experience of a joy day. All of which comes strangely from a stolid middle-aged scribbler of notes on engine dimensions and power curves, whose flowing beard would by now be hob-nobbing with an expanding waist-line were it not so regularly shorn. But that is the fault of Major Harvey Jarvis.

THE 20-30 H.P. LANCIA

A very fine expression of the best Italian automobile engineering, and a car in which grace of line, refinement, and power combine in a notable degree

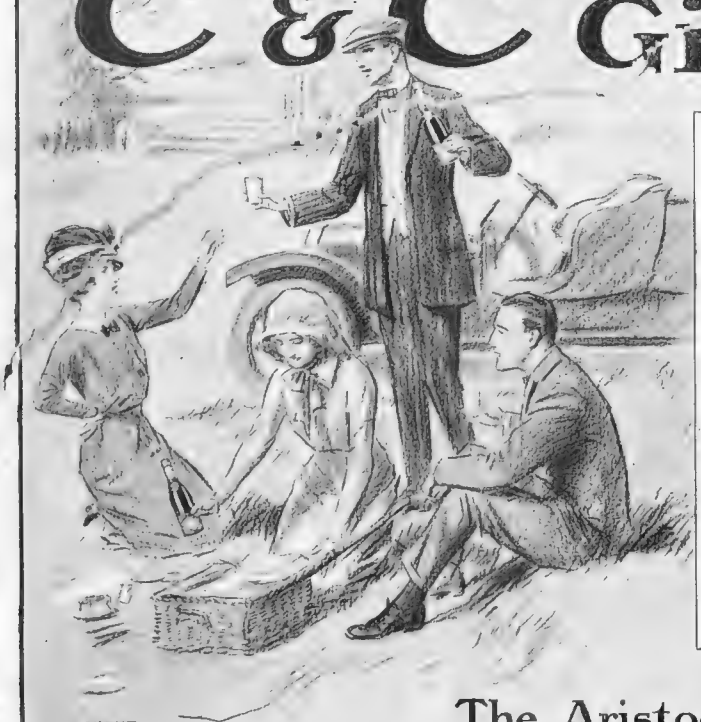
***

Worth the Test

Soberly, motor camping is worth—more than worth—the test. You may do it luxuriously as Major Jarvis is doing it now; but that involves much cleaning-up and packing, and to me would be impossibly irksome unless I carried a man to do the work. I should not carry a tent to cover the car as well as to provide a couple of ample rooms. I like a large tent, although I have managed with a Williams cyclist's featherweight, which weighs but a few ounces, and only just covers your length. My motor

Why is the Cadillac increasing in public estimation so fast this year? Because it represents not only the best value but the most luxurious features of any car in the world.

"C & C" Ginger Ale



Take it in the Car.

BE sure to pack two or three bottles of "C & C" Ginger Ale in the luncheon-basket before you start for the day's run. Nothing tastes cooler or more delicious after the dusty road. By carrying a supply in the car you can make certain of having the best refreshment at a moment's notice, wherever you go.

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YOUR SHOWER-PROOF COAT

should, of course, be light—and not too thick; it is, therefore, essential that its shower-resisting qualities should be especially good.

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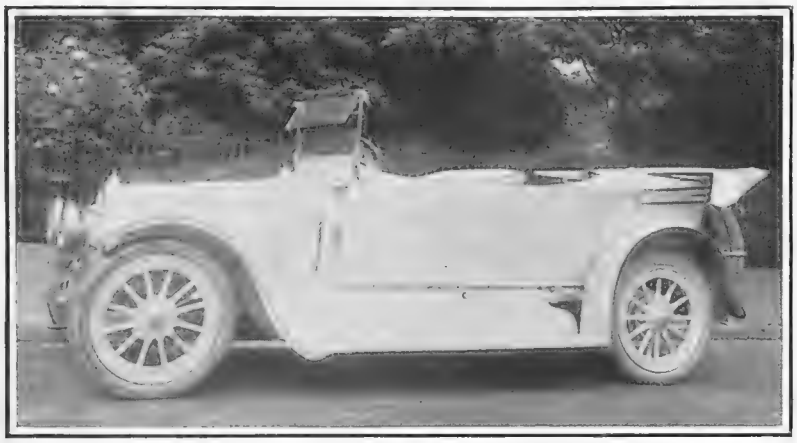
Let "Holiday Haunts in the West of England" help you to map out your holiday. This profusely illustrated guide-book is obtainable at G.W.R. stations and offices, price 1d, or from the Supt. of the Line, Paddington Station, London, W., price 2d., post free.

G.W.R. THE HOLIDAY LINE
FRANK POTTER, GENERAL MANAGER

tent would not weigh more than a pound or two, and then would be more than six feet square. The car could manage with its hood and side curtains up, its cushions turned, and perhaps a light extra sheet to peg down all round. Tent and sheet, and ground sheet as well, would not occupy much space when rolled. My few tent poles and rods would not require the hood up permanently to find room for them. They would be telescopic if needs be. Nor would I carry the camp beds which Major Jarvis admits to be a bugbear, and for which he has no room except on the floor of the car, where we use them as footstools but curse them daily. Straw or bracken beneath the ground sheet is good enough for me, although bracken *has* got a plaguily uncomfortable way of working into hard lumps and boring into tender places. My bath would be a stream or the sea (with a car you can run on so easily until you find a good camping ground). One Primus stove would serve, although this is so small a thing that two do not count. My cutlery, cookpots, and plates would be as few as possible and of the handy encyclopædic sort supplied by the Amateur Camping Club or the O. G. Williams aforesaid. Everything I wanted or needed would go comfortably and without bulk into the back of the car with a luggage grid and the running board for whatever bags were necessary.



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A Recommendation

But space is gone, and I am left with no more than room for the bare exhortation to the jaded and the town tired, to those who are weary of tipping and flunkeyism and the other harassments of travel, to those also in all health and in need of a bracing and a tonic that is taken without a wry face and leaves no evil taste in the mouth—to these and all others who can bear the call of the road or who experience that unconquerable craving which is called earth hunger, I commend the camping tour.

R.S.—ROCHET-SCHNEIDER CAR.
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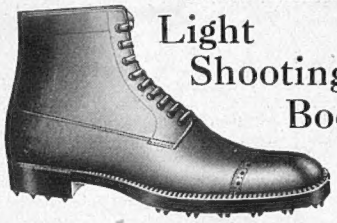

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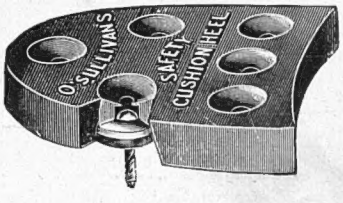

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The Menu: Vegetarian Dishes à la Mode

French Beans à la Crême

Take 1 lb. of French beans and boil them whole (if very young) in salt and water till tender. Beat the yolks of two eggs in a gill of cream and 1 oz. of butter; beat all well together, put it into a stewpan, and set over a clear fire. When hot, stir in the beans and let all simmer for about six minutes, stirring constantly. Squeeze over a little lemon-juice, and serve very hot.

Carrots à la Maître d'Hotel

Scrape, wash, and scald the carrots in boiling water; they should be quite small; cook them in hot water, with salt and a small piece of butter. When cooked, remove them and put them to drain. Mix in a stewpan 1 oz. of butter, chopped parsley, one chopped shalot, and pepper and salt to taste. Put in the carrots, toss them up for a few minutes, and serve them with fried sippets.

Stewed Lettuces

Strip off the outer leaves and cut away the stalks. Thoroughly wash the lettuces and put them in salted water. They will be tender in twenty-five minutes. Lift them out, and press the water from them, chop them a little, and heat them up in a saucepan, with pepper, and salt to taste and a small piece of butter. Now dredge in a little flour and stir well; then add a small cup of gravy, boil quickly until they are tolerably dry, then squeeze over a little lemon-juice, and serve hot with fried sippets round them.

Mushrooms au Beurre

Cut the stems from some small mushrooms, clean them with a cloth and some salt, rinse in water, and leave them to dry for ten minutes. Put 1½ oz. of butter (to a pint of mushrooms) and place it in a stewpan, shake over the fire until it begins to brown; then throw in the mushrooms, and continue shaking the saucepan so that they do not burn, and when they have simmered a few minutes strew over them a little salt and cayenne pepper, cook them till they are tender, heap them high on a dish, and serve.

Mushrooms au Gratin

Skin, wash, drain, and wipe dry some fresh mushrooms. Cut the stems to within a quarter of an inch, and fill the insides with a forcemeat made of 1 oz. of grated bacon, ¼ oz. of shred shalot, a tiny piece of thyme, and chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste. Simmer this for five minutes in butter, and add the yolk of an egg. Stand the mushrooms well dredged with bread-raspings, in a baking-dish with some butter, and bake in a moderate oven. Serve piled on a hot dish with some rich brown sauce round. This is a delicious savoury.

Peas Stewed with Lettuces

Put a peck of young peas into a stewpan with the hearts of two French lettuces finely shred, a large onion cut into thin slices, and some parsley; cover the saucepan closely, and let the peas stew till they are tender, shaking the saucepan occasionally to prevent them sticking. When they are done, take out the onion, and put in 2 oz. of butter, mixed smoothly with a dessert-spoonful of flour and a tablespoonful of cream. Simmer gently for four minutes, and serve as hot as possible with fried sippets round and slices of broiled ham on the top.

Vegetable Marrow au Parmesan

Take out the seeds of a vegetable marrow, and cut it into neat oval-shaped fillets about 2½in. long and 2in. wide. Put them in a sauté-pan with a piece of butter, and stew till tender. Add pepper and salt, serve on fried croûtons of toast, and pour over them some white cheese sauce.

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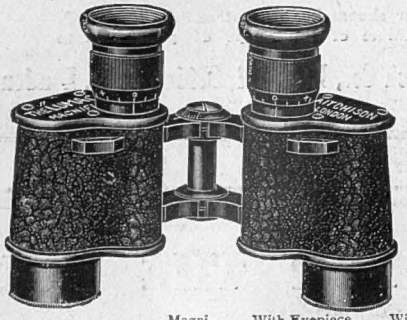

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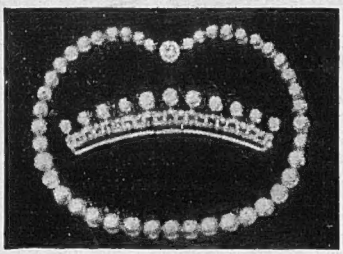

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The Editor's Box

Necessitous Ladies' Holiday Fund

[*To the Editor of* THE BYSTANDER.]

SIR,—You have been good enough to allow me to appeal in your columns for several years past for contributions towards a fund for providing holidays by the sea or countryside for necessitous ladies, and through your generosity and that of your readers I have been enabled to bring rest to those to whom it meant a boon untold. May I be allowed to appeal again for help to send away governesses, typists, hospital nurses, secretaries, musicians, actresses, clerks, and ladies of gentle birth engaged in other professions who have no means of providing holidays for themselves, yet who, without the possibility of earning money in the summer months, are left behind in London exposed to the sufferings attendant on poverty, whereas women of a rougher class are liberally provided for through various other holiday funds. I plead for those too proud to plead for themselves: for the sick, and more especially for those broken down in health from overwork. All contributions sent to 48, Upper Berkeley Street, will be gratefully acknowledged and distributed.—I am, Sir, yours truly,

CONSTANCE BEERBOHM

At Bad Neuheim

I am asked to say that a charity performance by the Elisabeth Duncan School from Darmstadt took place recently in the large concert-hall at Bad Nauheim. Their Royal Highnesses the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Hesse, with the Princes and many other distinguished visitors attended. The perfect grace and rhythmic movements of the students in their classical dances were much applauded.

Tents and Hammocks

For those people who require a really cool, easily erected summer tent for sitting out in their gardens, the Tocah Company supply a quite excellent selection of tents, hammocks, and garden chairs. The hammock in particular is a peculiarly convenient article, which can be set as a reading lounge, a camp bed-chair and—as a hammock. There are no ropes, wires, pegs, or posts to fix, and they can be had in a variety of moderate prices from 13*s.* to 32*s.* Among the tents, the "Henley" is prominent. It is constructed of best birch-wood with galvanised fittings, and complete with guy ropes and awnings its cost is 72*s.* It can be had in all varieties of shapes, square, round, and oblong. The only chair suitable for this kind of tent is the Rhooker, an Indian chair, made of selected birch, strong, genuine green, rot-proof canvas is used for the back and seat, and the straps are of best bridle leather. It has the convenience of being easily folded into a very small compass. Complete, in bag, its price is 17*s.* 3*d.* from the Tocah Company, 25, Montrose Crescent, Wembley.

Beauty, Health, and Comfort

One of the most attractive of Mr. Thompson's preparations is his Skin Food Toilet and Complexion Cream, which is an ideal agency for removing wrinkles, allaying roughness, and preventing redness, which are such common afflictions with those who have delicate skins. The cream has a delightful odour, and is pleasant to use. Readers are recommended to try a jar of M. F. T. Skin Food (2*s.* 1*d.* post free). Wash the face with warm water every night, and after you have thoroughly dried the skin, rub on a little of the cream, taking care to rub in an upward direction. You will then enjoy a deliciously restful, cool night's rest, and will wake in the morning with a feeling of invigoration, for which it seems impossible that the cream can be responsible; but it is, and you will find that many of your wrinkles, hateful things, have disappeared during the night. Those who suffer from tender feet will find Mr. Thompson's Antiseptic Foot Powder (large tin post free 1*s.* 2*d.*) a boon. Mr. Thompson also makes a most effective plaster for those who are troubled with corns and bunions. A large sheet, which will last one for months, can be had post free for 1*s.* 2*d.*

Miss Cissie Lupino

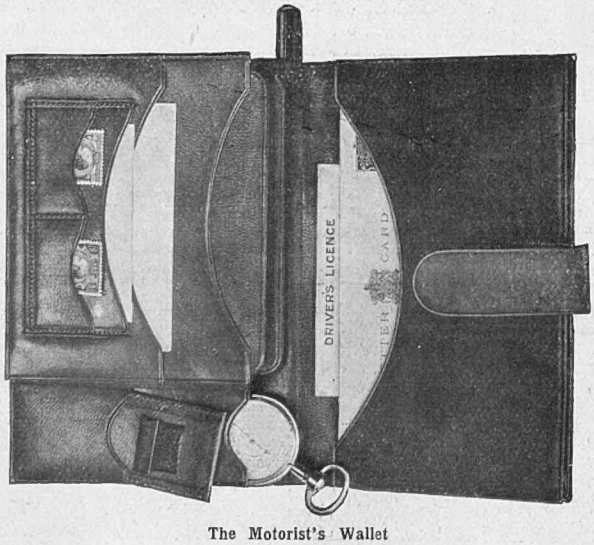
Whose excellent dancing was recently a feature of a very good show at the Palladium. Miss Lupino is a member of the family of that name so well known in the variety theatre world

An Appointment

I am asked to say that Mr. Harry Hall, of 31, Eldon Street, Liverpool Street, E.C., and 207, Oxford Street, W., has been appointed tailor to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

"Facktative"

Prevalent as are the many troubles with skin, they are equalled, if not surpassed, by those pertaining to the hair. Grey hair is a veritable misfortune for men or women who are earning a living and require to keep a youthful appearance, and even those who have not this reason for their objection to greyness are generally thankful if, by natural means, they can ward off this apparent symptom of age. Thus it is interesting to us all to find a preparation, neither dye nor stain, which, after severe tests, has proved itself able to restore the original colour of the hair in a comparatively short time. The preparation to which I allude is "Facktative." Nearly all hair troubles are due to microbes. "Facktative," which, by the way, is a clear, colourless liquid, thoroughly cleanses and disinfects the scalp. It is a wonderful discovery, of which the Facktative Company, of 68, Victoria Street, who are always pleased to give further particulars, may well be proud.



The Motorist's Wallet

A very compact and useful case, contains Stylo Pen, Map Measure, Trip Book, Note Book, Court Plaster, Pockets for Driver's Licence, Letter Cards, Stamps and Visiting Cards. Prices: Polished French Morocco, any colour, £1 5*s.*; Pigskin, £1 10*s.*; Auto-Leather, £1 12*s.* 6*d.*; Fine Seal, £1 15*s.*; Crocodile, £2 2*s.* Size when closed 6¼ by 4¾ in. Obtainable from Messrs. Boswell Hensman, 91, Regent Street, W.

For Motorists

Among the many charming novelties that Messrs. Boswell Hensman, of 91, Regent Street, W., have recently put on the market is the new motorists' wallet, a picture of which appears on this page. It is made in various kinds of leather, including French Morocco, pigskin, auto-leather, fine seal and crocodile. Its size when closed is 6¼ in. by 4¾ in.—just a nice handy size to go comfortably into a breast-pocket. A glance at the picture will give a good idea of how very useful this little adjunct to a motorist's outfit can be.